

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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WITH FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT: THE TSAREVITCH'S CHRISTENING { SIXPENCE.

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W. J. Thompson. Charles Musgrave.



A. G. Sandeman. S. Gilfillan. W. Keswick, M.P. Henry Clarke. T. V. S. Angier. W. P. Wood.

A. Serena.

Mr. Balfour.

E. Beauchamp. W. Becket Hill.

THE DIPLOMATIC VICTORY FOR BRITISH SHIPPING, AUGUST 25: MR. BALFOUR ASSURING THE DEPUTATION OF THE LONDON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE THAT THE RUSSIAN VOLUNTEER FLEET WOULD BE RESTRAINED BY THE TSAR FROM FURTHER RAIDS ON BRITISH MERCHANTMEN.

DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE.

"The Russian Government have now requested us to send ourselves and convey a message to the 'Peterburg' and 'Smolensk,' carrying out the pledges already given, and we have ordered two cruisers from the Cape of Good Hope to search for them without delay."

## OUR NOTE BOOK

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

In the *North American Review*, an accomplished friend of mine discourses eloquently on the "Celtic Revival" and the "British spirit." The Celtic spirit, he says, burns most vividly in the work of Mangan, the Irish poet, who wrote "Dark Rosaleen." The British spirit you may see wherever there are tourists, golfers, coal-pits, and foundries. Mr. Nevinson is indignant because the *Spectator* once suggested that Ireland would be the better for a few foundries, and for the visits of Saxon sportsmen, who would give employment to gamekeepers, gillies, and caddies. This was an outrage on Dark Rosaleen, the shy, elusive saint of Mangan's patriotic fancy. What has she to do with golf, or coal, or the employment of peasants who, in their normal condition, may not have enough to eat? Does Mr. Nevinson mean that it is the duty of the Irish peasant to die of poverty, as Mangan did, rather than earn a livelihood as a gamekeeper or in a foundry? This may be devotion to Dark Rosaleen, but it is not common-sense. In that obvious truth Mr. Nevinson rejoices. Common-sense, he declares, is the most flagrant expression of the British spirit. Mangan's "passionate emotion" we dismiss as "mere sentiment," meaning "something that cannot produce sixpence." I seem to remember a good deal of Irish sentiment—most legitimate sentiment—in the House of Commons, with an intimate relation to many sixpences of the British taxpayer. But no Irishman denounced it as an affront to Dark Rosaleen.

The Irish people would be more comfortable, Mr. Nevinson admits, were they to submit to the British spirit. They would profit by its "sanity, caution, and accomplishment of definite purposes by small degrees." But these useful and commonplace things are fatal to Mangan's aspiration towards the "celestial, glorified life, seraphic love, and a throne among the immortal gods." To be always sure of a decent living would be a poor consolation to the Irish peasant for the surrender of that dream. How many people in Ireland does Mr. Nevinson suppose to be wrapt in that ecstasy now? And how many in any country where the British spirit does not prevail? Does the French spirit, for example, set up a craving for "seraphic love" among the thrifty cultivators of Touraine? Sanity and caution, and the accomplishment of definite purposes by small degrees, seem to be pretty widely distributed. Mr. Nevinson would have us believe that "in all great enterprises—in the arts, love, war, and every important affair of life—the only part that counts is the part that exceeds moderation." He should watch the warlike operations of certain Islanders in the Far East. They seem to appreciate the value of caution, moderation, and small degrees; and yet they are anything but humdrum. Impatience with the golden mean is natural to the poet, who sees that it is often more mean than golden; but we cannot all be poets, especially poets who die young and poor. Even a poet may pay his butcher and baker without feeling that he owes Dark Rosaleen an apology; and even an Irish poet may discover that industrial prosperity for his country is not to be despised because it does not promise a throne among the immortal gods.

"Tis very well to taunt the British spirit with its moderation; but has Mr. Nevinson forgotten that England produced Shelley, beating his ineffectual wings, and Mrs. Barbauld, who dedicated a book to the French people in these terms—

To Gallia's gay and gallant coast  
Haste, little volume, wing thy flight;  
And show at least that you can boast  
How Britons love—how Britons write?

No excess of national caution in that!

When I was at Ostend I was haunted by "doubles." Taking the air one morning in a basket-chair, I saw approaching me a lady who walked with a decision rarely seen in the step of a woman. With my curiosity thus fixed upon her, I noted every detail of her dress; and, as she passed me, I took in the expression of her strongly marked features. She had an aquiline nose, an olive complexion, an eye like Mars to threaten and command. Very well; I was just wondering what sort of man was fated to be threatened and commanded, when, bless my soul, if I didn't see her approaching me again from exactly the same direction! She could not possibly have whisked about without my knowledge; even if she had ridden on a broomstick through the air I could not have mistaken her for one of the kites which everybody flies at Ostend when he has any spare time for aeronautics. Still, here she was coming on again in the most uncanny way: the same masterful tread, the same dress, the same aquiline nose, complexion, and martial eye. On the Lyceum stage, in the memorable old days, the Ghost in "Hamlet," when evading interviewers, used to double himself by a clever illusion, and appear in two places at once. But this was no phantom striding past my basket-chair!

Suddenly I heard greetings behind me, and, turning sharply, I solved the mystery. Twin sisters! And, to complete the harmony, they had exactly the same voice. Presently they were joined by papa and mamma, who seemed to be able to tell one from the other. I should say it was a divination entirely denied to the rest of the world. It could never be vouchsafed to a police witness, a jury, or a prosecuting counsel. "Those twins," thought I, "are as good as they are aquiline, and neither would betray the confidence of a united family. But would it not be well, by some difference of costume, some artifice of the toilette, to indicate to the mere spectator that Suzanne is not Adèle? If Adèle could practise a touch of languor in her walk, or if Suzanne would consent to a little ruddy warmth in her olive tint, it might spare them and others a good deal of embarrassment in a blundering world." So I was about to take papa and mamma aside, and unfold to them this view of the case; to begin, "Kind Sir, and most gracious Madam, permit a perfect stranger to point out that, although the personal attractions of your daughters furnish a perpetual and delightful provocation to a puzzle competition, it may not be altogether prudent in a society full of police witnesses, juries, and prosecuting counsel—" I had framed my exordium so far when lo! there appeared on the scene, arm in arm, another pair of twins. They wore tweed suits exactly alike; they had the same open and ingenuous countenance; they recalled in all points the blameless infants celebrated in the old comic song—

When we were being washed by nurse  
We got completely mixed!

Still more surprising, when the mamma of the other twins said, "How absurdly alike those men are! They must be brothers," Adèle or Suzanne remarked, "Do you think so? I'd know them apart anywhere!"

This was a startling revelation, for it seemed to intimate that it takes the eye of a twin not only to threaten and command, but to detect those *nuances* which make the distinctions between twins, and are invisible to the common gaze. Think how useful Adèle or Suzanne would be as forewoman of a jury! How she would correct the bungling of witnesses who believe that a man with a grey moustache must be a swindler because the real swindler also has a grey moustache! In the interests of citizens who are loth to dye their moustaches (I examine my own every morning with growing anxiety), I do entreat the reverend seigniors of the law to ordain that no man shall sit on a jury in criminal cases unless he be a twin, and that only twins shall be employed in the detective service. After the misfortunes of Mr. Adolf Beck, who bears no real likeness to the convict "John Smith," for whom he was mistaken, no man is safe. I am not sure that the obligation of twinship should not be extended to the Bench itself, for I find the learned Judge who tried Mr. Beck in the first case using these remarkable words: "In my experience of thirty-two years the methods of criminals are constantly the same." So if a swindler calls himself Lord Willoughby (as "John Smith" did, and Mr. Beck was charged with doing), pretends to have a house in St. John's Wood, pretends to need a housekeeper, and gives false cheques on the Union Bank, the experience of thirty-two years teaches the learned Judge that other swindlers will use the same devices to the letter. They will all profess to be Lord Willoughby. No other name in the peerage will have the least attraction for them; and only the Union Bank will have the honour of keeping their imaginary cash.

The perils of the average, well-conducted citizen, you perceive, grow more alarming. He may be arrested because he has a grey moustache. (Ha! I see in the mirror, which I consult frequently, that I have four grey hairs on my upper lip! When I began this article there were only three. Perhaps I am but a hair's-breadth from the jail!) Then he may be accused of having victimised trusting innocence by passing himself off as Lord Willoughby, with a house in St. John's Wood, and an account at the Union Bank. If he protests that the real offender must be the man already convicted of using these very shifts, he may be told by the thirty-two years' experience of a learned Judge that his plea is empty, because the methods of criminals are constantly the same. So are their grey moustaches. If he proves that he was in Peru when the other man was in prison, somebody will say, "That's all very well; but where's your alibi now?" Unless you are always in Peru you are not secure. If you have to admit that you resort to certain much-frequented thoroughfares of London, it is no use urging that a thousand grey moustaches may be found there at any hour. Many of them, no doubt, belong to the sham Lord Willoughby; but yours is good enough for the law. If it be innocent, where's its alibi? If it has no permanently Peruvian address, you will go down to the cells murmuring the immortal lament of the senior Mr. Weller: "O Sammy, Sammy, vy worn't there a aliby?"

## THE WAR: AN EXPERT COMMENTARY.

BY R.N.

Whatever may be the ultimate fate of Port Arthur—and by the time this article is in the hands of its readers the fortress may have fallen—it is around its siege that the interest of the war now revolves. Even when the last shot in the Liau-ti-shan Peninsula shall have been fired, it is to that quarter the eyes of Europe will still be turned, for the movements thereabouts will be significant of the future.

But the situation, at the moment of writing, is very far from clear, and out of the mass of conflicting rumours it is only by rejecting the larger portion that it becomes possible to construct a coherent and satisfactory sketch of the Japanese progress. Of official information there is nothing worth the name, owing to the silence of the besiegers and the garrulity of the besieged. But those who would like to form an accurate view of what is happening may be advised to place no credence in the accounts which depend for their lucidity upon comparisons with past sieges and battles mentioned in the telegraphed reports. What is happening at Port Arthur bears no kind of analogy to what happened at Sedan or at Sebastopol, at Plevna or Badajos. The very phrase used so often recently that the "final assault" is about to be delivered demonstrates that the writers have but an insufficient and cloudy grasp of the ideas underlying the siege of a fortress like Port Arthur. The fact is that the Japanese, in essaying the capture of such a place, are making an experiment in modern warfare under entirely novel conditions, and in face of, as well as assisted by, developments in the science of war material such as have never been employed at any previous time. It is not until the last Russian fort has been captured, the last gun silenced, and the streets are clear of the enemy that the final assault can be said to have taken place. Before that occurs there must be many fierce struggles, but they must be part and parcel of one continuous process, gradual in its nature but consistent in its effects, and directed to the wearing away and exhaustion of the defence, driving it from position after position until nothing remains to win. To do this the concentrated fire of heavy artillery throwing high explosive projectiles and employed for the "destruction" of the protective constructions of the besieged is more necessary than assaults by infantry and "rushing tactics."

Anyone who will take the trouble to study the map of the Liau-ti-shan peninsula, and the fortress-engirdled port situated on its extremity, will see at once how absurd it is to write as if it could be taken by assault, as an old-fashioned fortress might have been after its walls were breached. The outer belt of fortifications—reaching from Louisa Bay on the west to Takhe Bay on the east—were, roughly speaking, extended on a radius of from eight to ten miles from the town. Here it was that the first fighting took place after the Japanese had secured for themselves a base at Dalny. It was on the north-eastern face of this outer line of hastily thrown up defences that the first impression was made; and, this position being won, the whole series was taken in flank and successively carried from east to west. These captured positions became in turn the advanced works of the besiegers, and on them were mounted the guns for the reduction of the more permanent works, which now claimed attention: the line of forts from Etseshan and Autgeshan on the west round to Golden Hill on the east. When all was ready a further advance was made, the Russian forts being held in check by the tremendous fire poured into them, while, at the same time, the Japanese pushed on to new positions, and, among other outlying works, seized and held Wolf Hill. Doubtless some of the positions taken in making this advance were discovered to be untenable, and thus we hear of their being abandoned; but a point had now been reached from which it was possible to shell the fleet. Thus it came about that the ships put to sea on Aug. 10, and were dispersed or driven back by Togo. On the 15th the summons to surrender was sent in and rejected, a result which must have been expected, for immediately on the return of the messenger all the three hundred guns of the besiegers opened again, and the third advance was begun. It is now that we hear of mine-fields being blown up to check the advance of the assailants, and these must, of course, have been close under the forts, or the mines could have been removed. The fact is significant of a struggle for the capture of positions so defended, the fire of which had been beaten down by the storm of high explosives poured in during the day. Every precaution would be taken, of course, to prevent the defenders from anticipating the exact point or points against which the enemy intended to direct and concentrate his efforts. Etseshan, on the left of the defence, and No. 5 Fort, on the right, are reported to have been captured in this way, and No. 5 Fort has been located by some observers as one of those between Ivail Hill and Kechwan, overlooking the new town. If this be the case the Japanese are well inside the line of permanent fortifications, and practically have the town and docks at their mercy. But this by no means warrants the assumption that the fall of the place is imminent.

If we have got correct reports of the interview said to have been given by the United States Naval Attaché recently in Port Arthur to the representative of a French paper, the besieged are still a long way from feeling the worst privations of a siege. There may well be tremendous struggles yet around the forts on Golden Hill and its vicinity, and those on Liau-ti-shan Point, the sea-face of the harbour, and Tiger's Tail. As these, however, become more and more isolated they will be the less able to hold out and the less worth holding. Then it may be that a further summons to surrender will meet with a more favourable response, and no one will then think the worse of the gallant defenders if they admit that their efforts are exhausted and that further resistance is hopeless.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## "THE CHEVALEER," AT THE GARRICK.

Thin and trite as is the plot of Mr. Jones's new Garrick play, all about his usual society dame's usual indiscretion, "The Chevaleer" makes a highly exhilarating entertainment. It is patently a one-part piece, like "The Rogue's Comedy," and yet would probably have been all the better for a completer elaboration of its leading *dramatis persona*. It is a jumble of comedy and farce, of quite conceivable and purely fantastic characters, and yet would have gained in force if its most farcical creation had been rounded off with wilder extravagance of conduct and diction. Still, the "Chevaleer" showman, with his flashy garb and boisterous assurance, with his cheap-jack's exuberant verbiage, but with a touch somehow of Barnum-like genius, is certainly, despite his likeness to Dickens's Crummles, a brilliant notion of Mr. Jones's, and very ingenious is the way in which this would-be manager of a country house fête is made to use an only half-grasped secret of a compromising character in order to achieve his own ambition. From the moment that he rolls out from under the inn table to disconcert the conference of Lady Kellond and her foolish lover, the showman's glorious effrontery and fine flow of language compel our laughing admiration, and he only becomes monotonous finally because his inventor stints his pompous vocabulary. In such a spouting, robustious part as this Mr. Bouchier positively revels, rolling out the "Chevaleer's" magniloquent periods with the keenest gusto: never has the most versatile of our comedians acted with so genial a vigour—not even in "Wheels Within Wheels." Mr. Bouchier's supporters—and they include Miss Violet Vanbrugh, Miss Nancy Price, Miss Ethelwyn Arthur Jones, Mr. A. E. Matthews, and Mr. Sydney Valentine—obtain but little scope; it is the showman who dominates the play.

## "THE CHETWYND AFFAIR," AT THE ROYALTY.

Rumour has it that the "play" which was produced last Monday at the Royalty under the title of "The Chetwynd Affair" was written by its author, Mr. R. Kennedy-Cox, four years ago, when he was still at the University, and only eighteen years old. It is difficult to conceive that so ingenuous a piece could have come from the pen of such a sophisticated person as is the average Oxford undergraduate of eighteen; it is even stranger to find that after four more years' experience Mr. Kennedy-Cox should have consented to stage his juvenile effusion. The kindest way in which to treat "The Chetwynd Affair" is to say as little of it as possible. Its story shows us a wicked lady of Spanish extraction, a good woman of amazing simplicity, a "horrible" murder done with a stiletto, a secret chamber—in fine, all the time-honoured material of the penny novelette. That accomplished actress, Miss Granville, was wasted on such amateurish stuff as this; so, too, were players of such merit as Mr. Conway Tearle, Miss Vane Featherstone, and Miss Jennie Lee. Mr. Kennedy-Cox must try again when he has learnt a little more of life—and dramatic technique.

## THE ALHAMBRA'S "ENTENTE CORDIALE" BALLET.

There is quite a novel and improving idea at the back of the Alhambra's new ballet, named after the "Entente Cordiale." Ballets of all nations, making picturesque account out of the rich hues of national costumes, have been no unusual sights at our variety theatres; but here is a brilliant spectacle which might almost have been conceived in the interests of international peace. It is none the worse for this vague suggestion of serious purpose. Its groupings of colour are as dazzling, its evolutions and dances are as ingenious as any shown hitherto at the Alhambra. It contains, of course, its interludes, representing very idealistically the disturbing influences of war. Thus we see a bevy of Russians waving knouts gently repulsed by geishas equipped with umbrellas adorned with emblems of the Rising Sun. But it is the final combinations of peace which make the prettiest pictures, the Triple Alliance especially, with its Italian reds and whites and greens and its German and Austrian uniform, affording a vivid harmony of exquisite tints. Mr. Landon Ronald provides the score, and in it plenty of tripping melodies, the most popular, perhaps, being a polka danced by a little company of Japanese.

## MUSIC.

Almost the only musical event of the present moment is the continued success of the autumn series of Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Hall. Every evening sees a crowded house, and the change in the personnel of the orchestra does not appear to have affected the attendance. It is true that the critical ear detects a difference, and in the heavier task of rendering Wagner excerpts, Mr. Wood's new forces are not, as yet at any rate, equal to his old. At the same time, the material at the great conductor's command is intrinsically admirable, and it will only be a matter of time for him to recall that ensemble and finish for which the Queen's Hall orchestra has so long been noted. In less exacting work, of course, the new band leaves little to be desired. On the evening of Aug. 27 there was a first production in the shape of Mr. Charles Macpherson's suite, entitled "Hallowe'en." Last Monday was a Wagner night, when the programme contained a large number of extracts, including the Overture and Venusberg music from "Tannhäuser," at some points of which the orchestra attained some effects which we do not remember to have heard before. Whether these were produced by accident or design time must reveal. Not yet, however, have they attained the magnificent rushing undercurrent in the "Pulse of Life" passages, which so distinguished the Queen's Hall Venusberg of former days. Tuesday night was devoted to various composers, including Brahms, Berlioz, Handel, Schubert, and Elgar.

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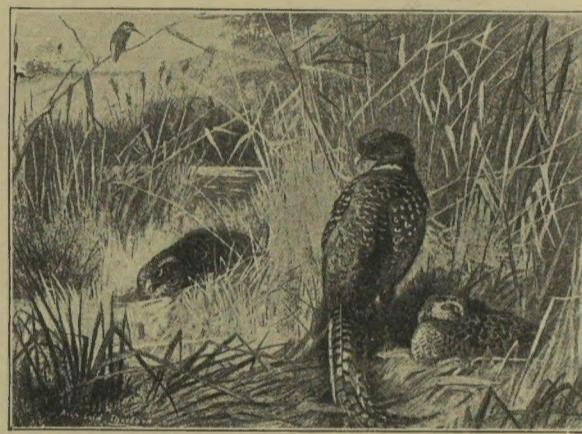
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## THE WORLD'S NEWS.

## THE TSAREVITCH'S

## CHRISTENING.

(See Supplement.)

As we briefly announced in our last issue, the baptism of the infant Tsarevitch was solemnised in the Chapel at Peterhof on Aug. 24 with all the imposing ritual of the Greek Church. We have received from our Special Artist at Peterhof the illustrated record of the occasion, one of the most memorable in the House of Romanoff, for the son so eagerly looked for has come at the darkest crisis of Russia's history to inspire new hope into a people on the verge of rebellion. The infant was escorted from the Alexandra Palace to the Great Palace in a magnificent procession, the Imperial party driving in the gilded state-coach drawn by eight horses and guarded by Hussars and Cossacks. By the Tsar's order all the ladies wore the national Russian Court dress, which lent a touch of quaint antiquity to the scene. In the chapel were the foreign Ambassadors and the high Russian officials, and in the gallery of the Imperial Eagle were assembled the ladies and gentlemen of the Court. The Tsar entered with his mother the Dowager-Empress, and their Imperial Majesties were received by the dignitaries of the Greek Church, led by the Metropolitan and the members of the Holy Synod. When the company were assembled the procession of the infant appeared. Alexis Nikolaievitch was borne by Princess Galitzin, the Empress's Lady-in-Waiting, supported by Generals Richter and Vorontsov-Dashkoff. The Sacrament was administered by the Metropolitan, and immediately after the ceremony the Tsar invested the child with the Order of St. Andrew, thus adding to the honours with which the babe is already loaded. The conclusion of the ceremony was announced to the capital by a salute of 301 guns, and the

impossible for the Russian Government to communicate these orders to the *Peterburg* and *Smolensk*, which had been stopping vessels in the neighbourhood of the Cape of Good Hope. Accordingly, at Russia's request, the British Government was to dispatch cruisers in search of the two ships in question to convey to them the Tsar's orders. Regarding the question of contraband, Mr. Balfour announced that the British Government had laid it down that warlike



Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
VICE-ADMIRAL SIR A. L.  
DOUGLAS, K.C.B.,  
GAZETTED COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF ON  
THE PORTSMOUTH STATION.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
VICE-ADMIRAL BOSANQUET,  
GAZETTED COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF ON  
THE NORTH AMERICAN AND WEST  
INDIES STATION.

stores, foodstuffs, and coal carried to a belligerent were undoubtedly contraband. Great Britain did not regard these articles as absolutely contraband, and from that position there could be no receding. In consequence of the Tsar's request, the British vessels *Crescent*, *Forte*, *Pearl*, *Barossa*, *Partridge*, *St. George*, and *Brilliant* have been directed to overhaul, if possible, the *Smolensk* and *Peterburg*, and convey to them the Tsar's directions that they are to refrain from molesting British shipping.

city in the year of Queen Victoria's Jubilee. Sir Henry, who was chief of a firm of type-founders, was born in 1826, married Emma, daughter of Thomas James Parker, in 1862, and received the honour of knighthood in 1887.

Vice-Admiral Sir Archibald Lucius Douglas, successor to Admiral Sir John Arbuthnot Fisher as Commander-in-Chief on the Portsmouth Station, is a native of Quebec. He joined the Navy in 1856, served with the Naval Brigade up the Congo and Gambia four years later, was in command of a gun-boat on the lakes of Canada during the Fenian invasion, acted as instructor in the use of Harvey's torpedo to the Channel and Reserve Fleets, took part in the military and naval operations in the Soudan in 1884, has been Commander-in-Chief in the East Indies and on the North American and West Indies Stations, was A.D.C. to Queen Victoria, Vice-President of the Ordnance Committee, and a Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty. As Director of the Imperial Japanese Naval College in Yedo, from 1873 till 1875, he may be said to have been one of the creators of the Japanese Navy.

Vice-Admiral Day Hort Bosanquet, who takes Vice-Admiral Sir A. L. Douglas's place as Commander-in-Chief on the North American and West Indies Stations, has served in the Navy for some forty-seven years, and previously succeeded Sir Archibald Douglas—as Commander-in-Chief on the East Indies Station. He is closely connected with the county of Hereford, of which he is a Deputy Lieutenant and J.P., and has done valuable work on the Royal Commission on Food Supplies.

Sir Joseph Crosland, J.P., D.L., who died on Aug. 27, in his seventy-eighth year, was head of the firm of George Crosland and Sons, woollen manufacturers, and one of Huddersfield's most prominent and most philanthropic burgesses. Although he represented the borough in Parliament for two years only, from 1893-1895, his interest in it was of the keenest, and he was admitted honorary freeman of it in 1898, in

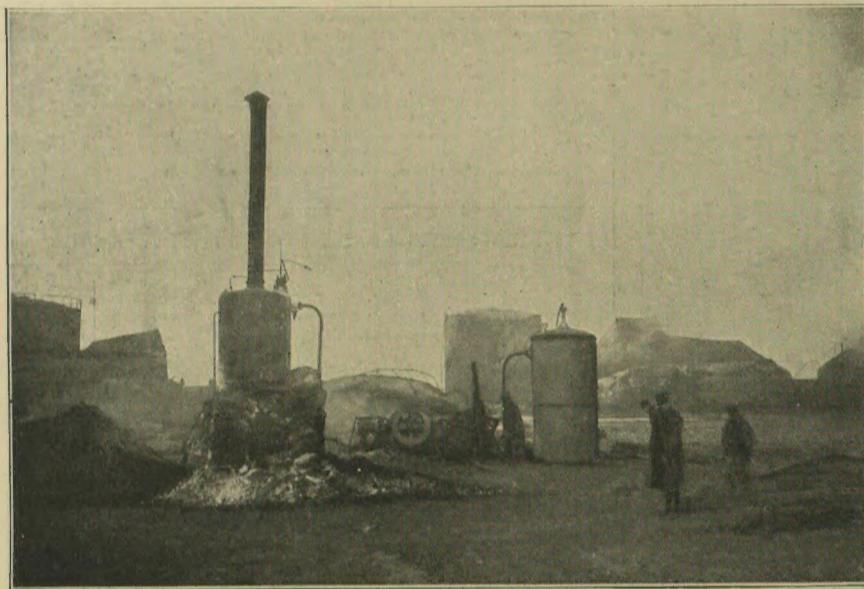


Photo. Bouet.  
THE GREAT OIL FIRE AT ANTWERP: DÉBRIS OF THE WRECKED TANKS.

The great petroleum tanks at Hoboken caught fire on August 26, and burned for many days. The tanks of the American Standard Oil Company were completely destroyed. At least thirty persons perished in the conflagration.

Tsarevitch was again escorted in procession back to the Alexandra Palace. A reception followed the ceremony, and 900 guests were entertained at lunch. The Tsar, who seemed in the best-of-spirits, moved about among his guests, shaking hands and receiving their congratulations.

THE "SMOLENSK" AFFAIR. The question of Russian interference with British shipping may be considered to have come to a head on Aug. 25, when a special meeting of members of the East India and China section of the London Chamber of Commerce was held to consider the effect on British trade of Russian action regarding contraband of war. The desirability of making representations to his Majesty's Government was also discussed. The chair was occupied by Mr. William Keswick, M.P., who, in his opening statement, referred to the loss and inconvenience which Russia's action was causing the British shippers, as many owners were refusing to send their vessels to Japan. It was understood that Mr. Balfour would be willing to receive a deputation of the Chamber that afternoon, and accordingly the meeting passed two resolutions vital to the situation, and these they immediately proceeded to lay before Mr. Balfour at Whitehall. At the Foreign Office Mr. Keswick, addressing the Prime Minister, read the resolutions of the previous meeting and also a letter to Lord Lansdowne suggesting that much good may result from a declaration by his Majesty's Government of the position of this country with regard to the action of Russian cruisers and the novel assumption by Russia of power to declare arbitrarily what shall be considered contraband of war. The Prime Minister, after a lengthy review of the situation, said that the Russian Volunteer Fleet might be relied upon to make no more captures. It had been

OUR PORTRAITS. The Very Rev. Samuel Reynolds Hole, Dean of Rochester, who died on Aug. 27 at the age of eighty-five, was aptly described by Archbishop Temple: "A literary man, a portly man, a popular man, a good rider, an excellent preacher, a born humorist, the greatest admirer and the best judge of the sweetest of flowers." As literary man he published "A Little Tour in Ireland," "A Book About Roses," two volumes of memoirs, books on Nice and America, and certain sermons and addresses; as preacher he speedily earned fame, and was known to all the leading clergy of his day; as wit, he was responsible for many a much-quoted jest, and



THE LATE SIR HENRY STEPHENSON,  
EX-MAYOR OF SHEFFIELD.



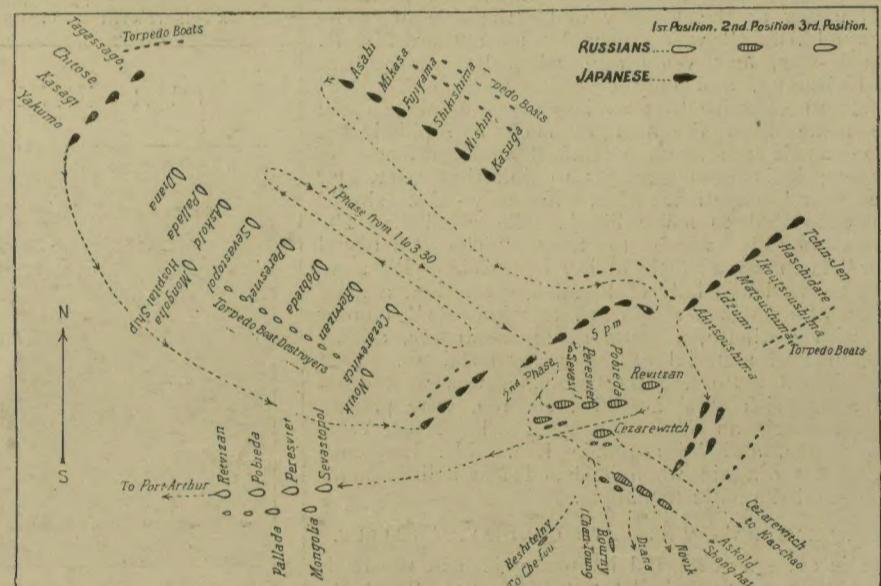
THE LATE SIR JOSEPH CROSLAND,  
EX-M.P. FOR HUDDERSFIELD.



THE LATE VERY REV.  
S. R. HOLE,  
DEAN OF ROCHESTER.

was one of the few strangers ever admitted to the *Punch* weekly dinner; as rose-grower he was recognised as a connoisseur, and there were few who did not bow to his knowledge. He was born at Caunton Manor, Notts, in 1819; was educated at a private school, at Newark Grammar School, and at Brasenose College, Oxford; was for some time a typical "Squ'arson," visiting the poor and riding to hounds; and then became in turn Rural Dean, Prebendary in Lincoln Cathedral, Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Select Preacher at Oxford. In 1889 he was nominated to the Deanery of Rochester.

Sir Henry Stephenson, who has just died, was a prominent citizen of Sheffield, and was Mayor of that



THE GREAT SORTIE FROM PORT ARTHUR, AUGUST 10: PLAN OF THE ENGAGEMENT.

The various phases of the combat may be traced from the above chart, and the final escape of the "Askold," the "Retshiltny," and the "Diana" to neutral ports, where they have been dismantled, is also indicated.

recognition of fifty years' municipal work. His other activities were those of Chairman of the Huddersfield Banking Company, Director of the London City and Midland Bank, and Life-Governor of Yorkshire College.

Mr. Alfred Tristram Lawrence, the new Judge of the High Court of Justice, has already had some little experience of judicial work as "understudy" to Mr. Justice Bucknill on the North-Eastern Circuit, and has to his credit a high reputation in the Common Law Courts. He was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1869; became a Bencher of his Inn in 1892; took silk in 1897; has been Recorder of Windsor for some years; has acted as junior counsel to the Admiralty; and has been a Commissioner of Assize on the North-Eastern Circuit.

THE COST OF CONSCRIPTION. There can be no doubt that public opinion in this country is opposed to conscription; but it is dangerous to sustain this hostility by arguments which do not bear examination. This mistake seems to have been committed by the War Office, which has issued a calculation designed to show that conscription would add twenty-five millions sterling to the Army Estimates. To make good this assertion, it is assumed that every conscript would receive a shilling a day, and that 380,000 conscripts would be required every year, without deductions on account of physical unfitness and the needs of other branches of the public service. It is absurd to suppose that we should pay the conscript a shilling a day. Instead of 380,000 conscripts, the annual levy would be nearer 140,000. It is very probable that instead of costing twenty-five millions more than we pay now, conscription would not cost one million more. There would be a considerable gain, moreover, by the improvement in the physical stamina of the people. At any rate, no good is done by the wild arithmetic of the War Office.

RUGGED MANCHURIA: DIFFICULTIES OF JAPANESE ARTILLERY TRANSPORT.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

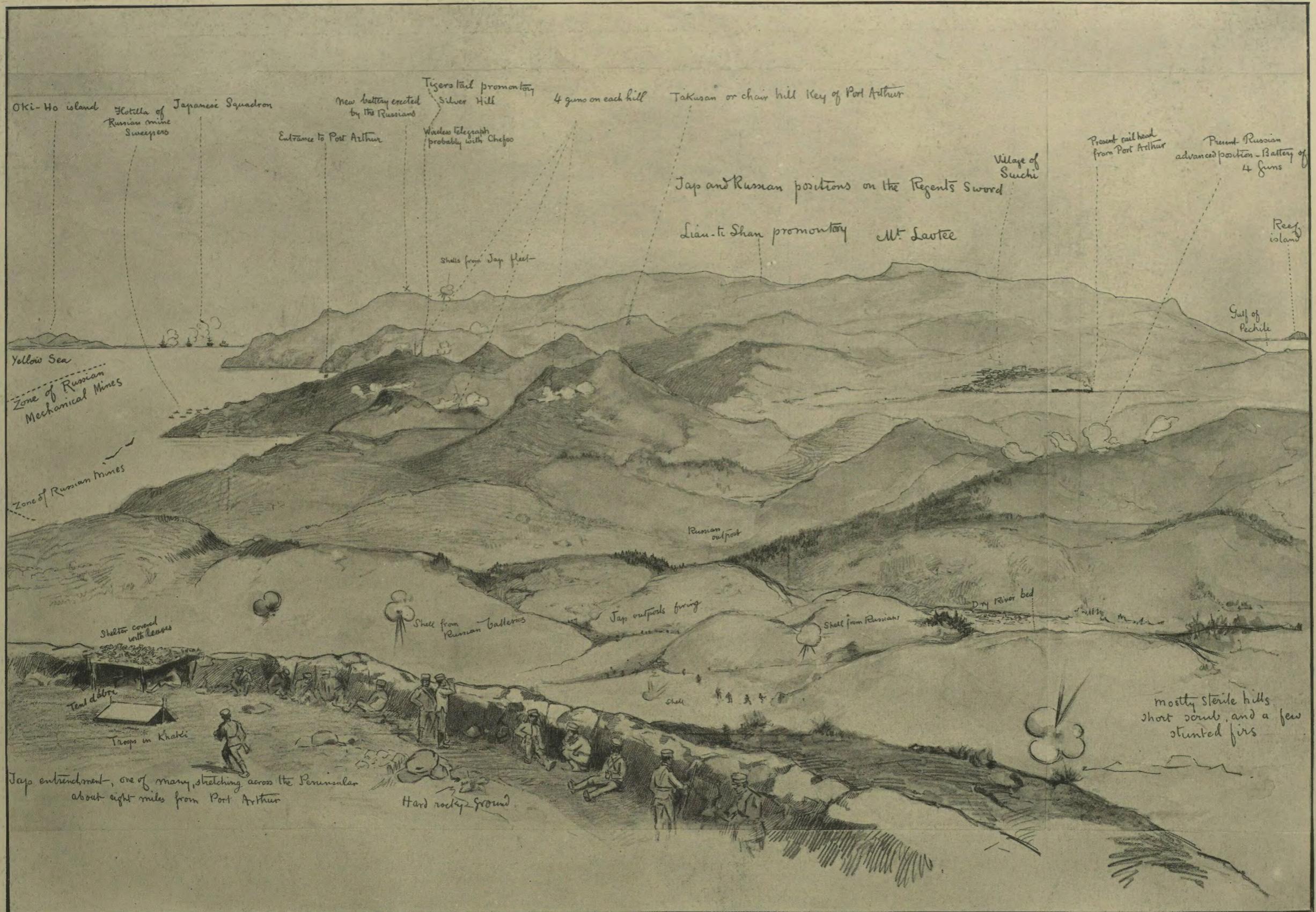


A FEAT OF INGENUITY: JAPANESE GETTING THEIR ARTILLERY INTO POSITION AT LIEN-SHAN-KWAN.

The scene is laid on the watershed between the tributaries of the Liao River and those of the Yalu. On these almost inaccessible crests the Russians had a strong position of forty guns, but the Japanese found a way through the mountain passes and got entire command of the Muscovite post, causing the Russians to evacuate it without firing a shot.

# THE BATTLE-GROUND BEFORE PORT ARTHUR: A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE JAPANESE APPROACH.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY FREDERIC VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST BEFORE PORT ARTHUR.



EIGHT MILES FROM PORT ARTHUR: THE JAPANESE ENTRENCHMENTS STRETCHING ACROSS THE PENINSULA.

Mr. Villiers has indicated in detail on his Sketch the various points of interest in the stupendous operations undertaken by the Japanese in clearing the ground up to the first great ring of forts that defends Port Arthur. Many of these forts have, since this Sketch was made, been captured by the Japanese, and one or two of the positions have changed hands several times.

ADMIRAL TOGO, AS OUR ARTIST SAW HIM, ON ACTIVE SERVICE ON BOARD HIS FLAG-SHIP, THE "MIKASA."

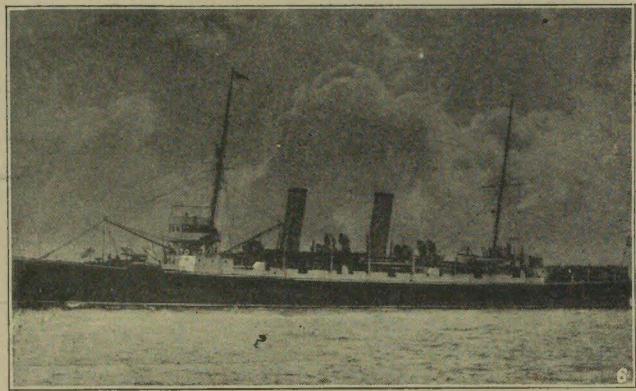
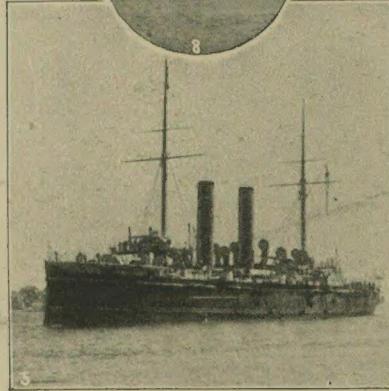
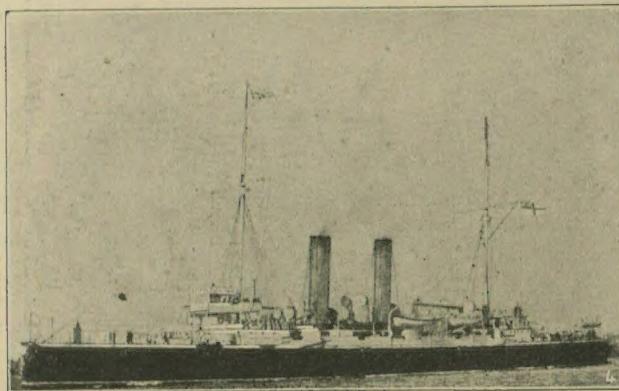
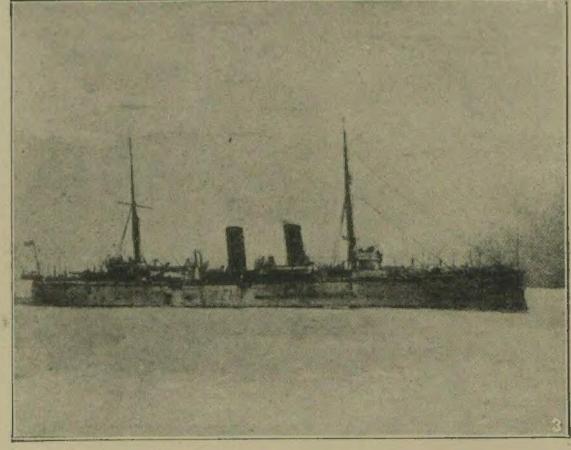
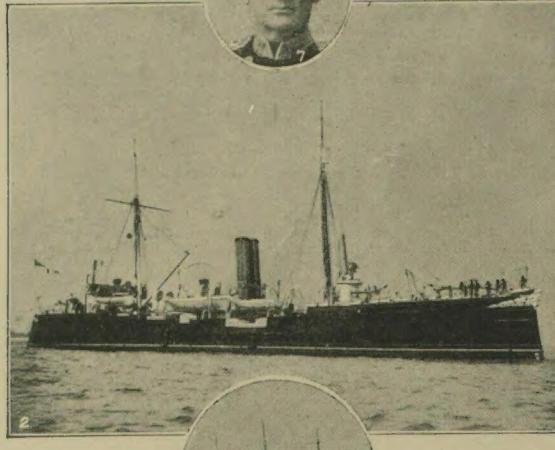
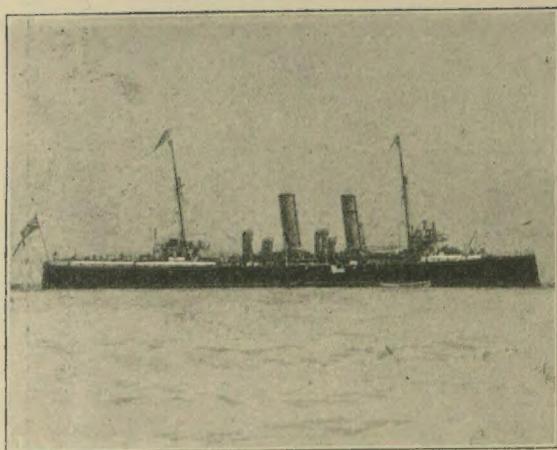
DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY FREDERIC VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON BOARD THE "MIKASA."

Rear-Admiral Shimamura.



THE JAPANESE NELSON: ADMIRAL TOGO DIRECTING THE NAVAL OPERATIONS AGAINST PORT ARTHUR FROM THE BRIDGE OF HIS FLAG-SHIP, THE "MIKASA."

On July 17, Admiral Togo, by special appointment, entertained the foreign correspondents on board his flag-ship, and on that occasion the Japanese Commander permitted Mr. Villiers to make the sketch which forms the original of this picture. "The Admiral," writes Mr. Villiers, "is in a characteristic attitude. He is a plainly dressed, modest, retiring little man, and he and his Chief of the Staff, Rear-Admiral Shimamura, reminded me of Lord Roberts and his Chief of the Staff, Lord Kitchener, in South Africa. Admiral Togo was dressed in a plain white jacket, decorated with the Grand Order of the Rising Sun."



1. H.M.S. "BRILLIANT."—[Photo. Symonds.]

4. H.M.S. "ST. GEORGE."—[Photo. Cribb.]

7. REAR-ADmirAL SIR J. DURNFORD, COMMANDING THE CAPE STATION. [Photo. Russell.]

2. H.M.S. "BAROSSA."—[Photo. Symonds.]

5. H.M.S. "CRESCENT."

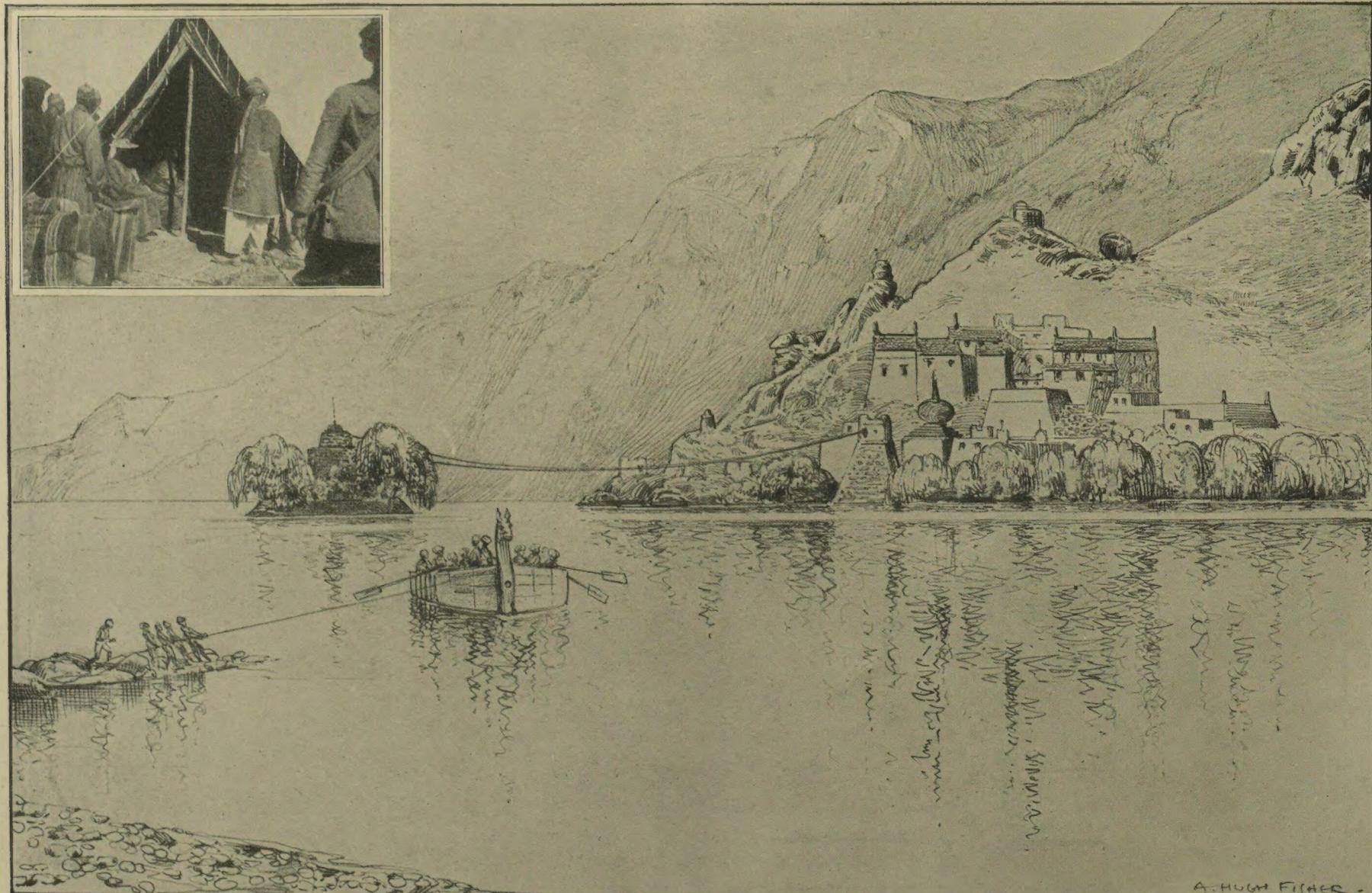
3. H.M.S. "PEARL."—[Photo. Symonds.]

6. H.M.S. "FORTE."

8. H.M.S. "PARTRIDGE."—[Photo. Ellis.]

BRITISH BEARERS OF THE TSAR'S MESSAGE: CRUISERS OF THE CAPE AND SOUTH ATLANTIC SQUADRONS DETACHED TO OVERTAKE THE "SMOLENSK" AND THE "PETERBURG," AND FORBID FURTHER MOLESTATION OF BRITISH MERCHANT SHIPPING.

TIBETAN REPRESENTATIVES: THE SHAPE AND THE TA LAMA IN THE DURBAR TENT.—[Photo. Lieutenant Bennett.]



RIVER-CROSSING IN THE ASIATIC HIGHLANDS: THE PASSAGE OF THE BRAHMAPUTRA BY THE TIBET EXPEDITION

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER FROM A SKETCH BY LIBUTENANT RYBOT, AN OFFICER OF THE EXPEDITION.

General Macdonald sent his men across the stream in barges on July 26. The crossing was made near the picturesque spot here shown. The great pile of buildings is the Chaksum Cho Ri Monastery, a very striking edifice, of which the darker portions are coloured a deep red or chocolate, the lighter parts whitish. Along the banks of the river are rows of beautiful weeping-willows. From the tower in mid-stream to the tower below the monastery extend the chains of the old suspension-bridge. A barge ferry-boat is seen drifting down, having missed the landing-place. Coolies are trying to pull the vessel ashore with a rope. At its bows is a grotesque wooden horse's head. The barges were manned by prisoners, who rowed with oars of planks nailed to poles. Each barge carried about twenty animals or forty men with their kits.

## THE LAMP AND THE GUITAR.

ILLUSTRATED BY

By "Q."

[A. FORESTIER.]

[From the memoirs of Manuel, or Manus, MacNeill, an agent in the secret service of Great Britain during the Peninsular Campaigns of 1808-13.]

I HAVE not the precise date in 1811 when Fuentes and I set out for Salamanca, but it must have been either in the third or fourth week of July.

In Portugal just then Lord Wellington was fencing, so to speak, with the points of three French armies at once. On the south he had Soult, on the north Dorsenne, and between them Marmont's troops were scattered along the valley of the Tagus, with Madrid as their far base. Being solidly concentrated, by short and rapid movements he could keep these three armies impotent for offence; but *en revanche*, he could make no overwhelming attack upon any one of them. If he advanced far against Soult or against Dorsenne he must bring Marmont down on his flank, left or right; while, if he reached out and struck for the Tagus Valley, Marmont could borrow from right and left without absolutely crippling his colleagues, and roll up seventy thousand men to bar the road on Madrid. In short, the opposing armies stood at a deadlock, and there were rumours that Napoleon, who was pouring troops into Spain from the north, meant to follow and take the war into his own hands.

Now, the strength and the weakness of the whole position lay with Marmont; while the key of it, curiously enough, was Ciudad Rodrigo, garrisoned by Dorsenne—as in due time appeared. For the present, Wellington, groping for the vital spot, was learning all that could be learnt about Marmont's strength, its disposition, and (a matter of first importance) its victualling, Spain being a country where large armies starve. How many men were being drafted down from the north? How was Marmont scattering his cantonments to feed them? What was the state of the harvest? What provisions did Salamanca contain? And what stores were accumulating at Madrid, Valladolid, Burgos?

I had just arrived at Lisbon in a *chasse-marée* of San Sebastian, bringing a report of the French troops, which for a month past had been pouring across the bridge of Irun: and how I had learnt this is worth telling. There was a cobbler, Martinez by name—a little man with a green shade over his eyes—who plied his trade in a wooden hut at the end of the famous bridge. While he worked he counted every man, horse, standard, wagon, or gun that passed, and forwarded the numbers without help of speech or writing (for he could not even write his own name). He managed it all with his hammer, tapping out a code known to our fellows who roamed the shore below on the pretence of hunting for shellfish, but were prevented by the French cordon from getting within sight of the bridge. As for Martinez, the French Generals themselves gossiped around his hut while he cobbled industriously at the soldiers' shoes.

I had presented my report to Lord Wellington, who happened to be in Lisbon quarrelling with the Portuguese Government and re-embarking (apparently for Cadiz), a battering train of guns and mortars which had just arrived from England: and after two days' holiday I was spending an idle morning in a wine-shop by the

quay, where the proprietor, a fervid politician, kept on file his copies of the Government newspaper, the *Lisbon Gazette*. A week at sea had sharpened my appetite for news; and I was wrapped in study of the *Gazette* when an orderly arrived from headquarters with word that Lord Wellington requested my attendance there at once.

I found him in conference with a handsome, slightly built man—a Spaniard by his face—who stepped back as I entered, but without offering to retire. Instead, he took up his stand with his back to one of the three windows overlooking the street, and so continued to observe me, all the while keeping his own face in shade.

The General, as his habit was, came to business at once.

"I have sent for you," said he, "on a serious affair. Our correspondents in Salamanca have suddenly ceased to write."

"If your Excellency's correspondents are the same as the Government's," said I, "'tis small wonder," and I glanced at the newspaper in his hand—a copy of the same *Gazette* I had been reading.

"Then you also think this is the explanation?" He held out the paper with the face of a man handling vermin.

"The Government publishes its reports, the English newspapers copy them: these in turn reach Paris; the Emperor reads them: and," concluded I, with a shrug, "your correspondents cease to write, probably for the good reason that they are dead."

"That is just what I want you to find out," said he.

"Your Excellency wishes me to go to Salamanca?

necessary for me to know quickly how Salamanca stands for stores."

"Then I must pick up some information on my own account."

"The service will be hazardous—"

"Oh, as for that—" I put in, with another shrug.

"—and I propose to give you a companion," pursued Wellington, with a half-turn toward the man in the recess of the window. "This is Señor Fuentes. You are not acquainted, I believe?—as you ought to be."

Now from choice I have always worked alone: and had the General uttered any other name I should have been minded to protest, with the old Greek, that two were not enough for an army, while for any other purpose they were too many. But on hearsay the performances of this man Fuentes and his methods and his character had for months possessed a singular fascination for me. He was at once a strolling guitar-player and a licentiate of the University of Salamanca, a consorter with gypsies, and by birth a pure-blooded Castilian hidalgó. Some said that patriotism was a passion with him: with a face made for the love of women, he had a heart only for the woes of Spain. Others averred that hatred of the French was always his master impulse; that they, by demolishing the colleges of his University, and in particular his own beloved College of San Lorenzo, had broken his heart and first driven him to wander. Rewards he disdained; dangers he laughed at: his feats in the service had sometimes a touch of high comedy and always a touch of heroic grace. In short, I believe that if Spain had held a poet in those days, Fuentes would have passed into song and lived as one of his country's demigods.

He came forward now with a winning smile and saluted me cordially, not omitting a handsome compliment on my work. You could see that the man had not an ounce of meanness in his nature.

"We shall be friends," said he, turning to the Commander-in-Chief. "And that will be to the credit of both, since Señor MacNeill has an objection to comrades."

"I never said so."

"Excuse me, but I have studied your methods."

"Well, then," I replied, "I had the strongest objection, but you have made me forget it—as you have forgotten your repugnance to visit Salamanca." For although Fuentes flitted up and down and across Spain like a will-o'-the-wisp, I had heard that he ever avoided the city where he had lived and studied.

His fine eyes clouded, and he muttered some Latin words as it were with a voice indrawn.

"I beg your pardon?" put in Wellington sharply.

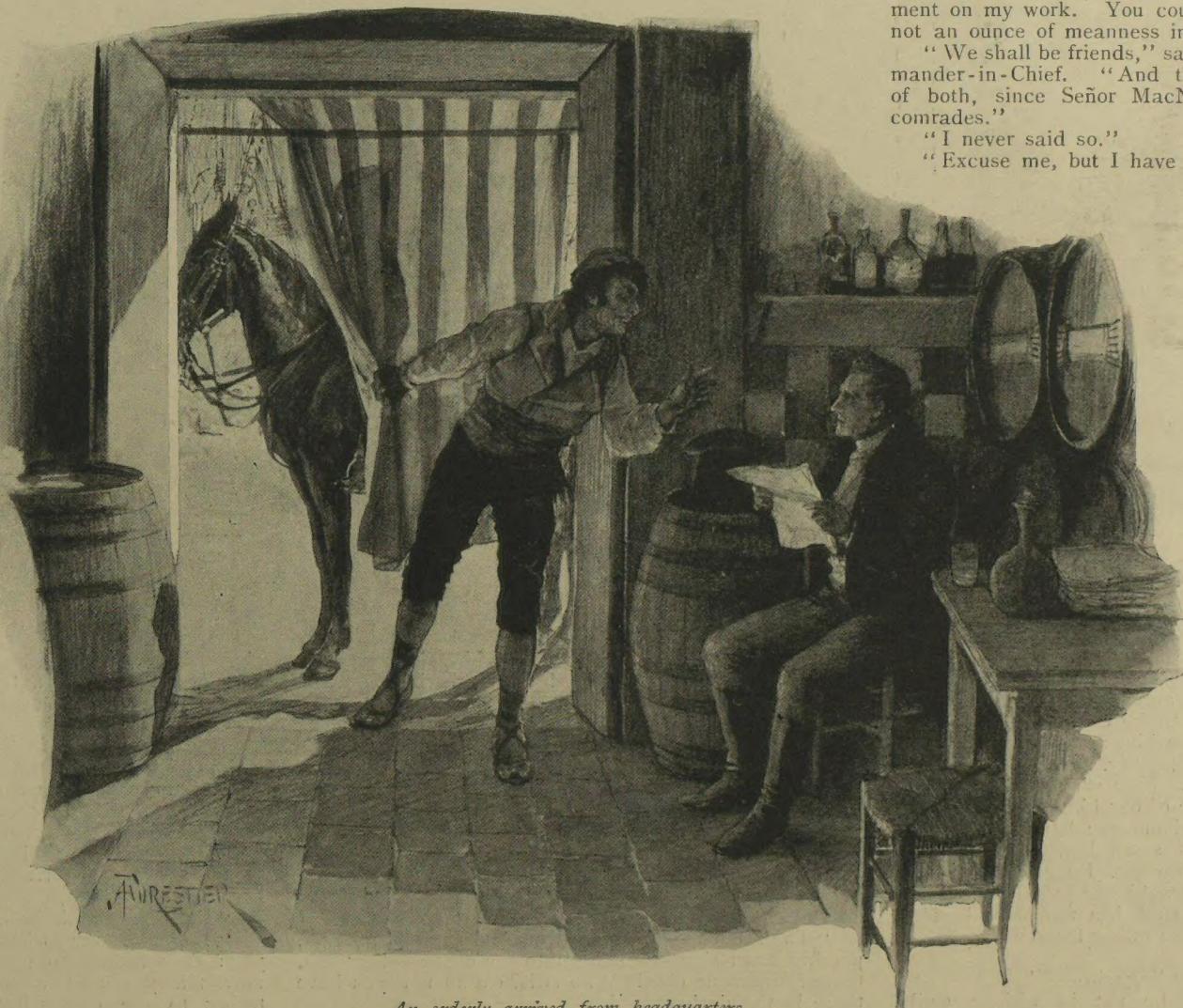
"Cecidit, cecidit Salmantica illa fortis," Fuentes repeated.

"Cecidit—ah! I see—a quotation. Yes, they are knocking the place about: as many as fifteen or sixteen colleges razed to the ground." He opened the newspaper again and ran his eyes down the report. "You'll excuse me: in England we have our own way of pronouncing Latin, and for

the moment I didn't quite catch—Yes, sixteen colleges; a clean sweep! But before long, Señor Fuentes, we'll return the compliment upon their fortifications."

"That must be my consolation, your Excellency," Fuentes made answer with a smile which scarcely hid its irony.

The General began to discuss our route: our precautions he left to us. He was well aware of the extreme risk we ran, and once again made allusion to it as he dismissed us.



An orderly arrived from headquarters.

Very good. And, supposing these correspondents to be dead?"

"You will find others."

"That may not be easy: nevertheless, I can try. Your Excellency, by the way, will allow me to promise that future reports are not for publication?"

Wellington smiled grimly, doubtless from recollection of a recent interview with Silveira and the Portuguese Ministry. "You may rest assured of that," said he; and added: "There may be some delay, as you suggest, in finding fresh correspondents: and it is very

"If that were all your Excellency demanded—" Fuentes' gaiety returned as we found ourselves in the street. "We shall get on together like a pair of schoolboys," he assured me. "We understand each other, you and I. But oh, those islanders!"

We left Lisbon that same evening on muleback, taking the road for Abrantes. So universally were the French hated that the odds were we might have dispensed with precautions at this stage, and indeed for the greater part of the journey. The frontier once passed we should be travelling in our native country—Fuentes as a gypsy and I as an Asturian, moving from one harvest-job to another. We carried no compromising papers: and if the French wanted to arrest folks on mere suspicion they had the entire population to practise on. Nevertheless, having ridden north-east for some leagues beyond Abrantes—on the direct road leading past Ciudad Rodrigo to Salamanca—we halted at Amendoa, bartered one of our mules for a couple of skins of wine and ten days' provisions, and, having made our new toilet in a chestnut grove outside the town, headed back for the road leading east through Villa Velha into the Tagus valley.

Beyond the frontier we were among Marmont's cantonments: but these lay scattered, and we avoided them easily. Keeping to the hill-tracks on the northern bank of the river, and giving a wide berth to the French posts in front of Alcantara, we struck away boldly for the north through the Sierras: reached the Alagon, and, following up its gorges, crossed the mountains in the rear of Bejar, where a French force guarded the military pass.

So far we had travelled unmolested, if toilsomely; and a pleasanter comrade than Fuentes no man could ask for. His gaiety never failed him: yet it was ever gentle, and I suspected that it covered either a native melancholy or some settled sorrow—sorrow for his country, belike—but there were depths he never allowed me to sound. He did everything well, from singing a love-song to tickling a trout and cooking it for our supper: and it was after such a supper, as we lay and smoked on a heathery slope beyond Bejar, that he unfolded his further plans.

"My friend," said he, "there were once two brothers, students of Salamanca, and not far removed in age. Of these the elder was given to love-making and playing on the guitar; while the other stuck to his books—which was all the more creditable because his eyes were weak. I hope you are enjoying this story?"

"It begins to be interesting."

"Yet these two brothers—they were nearly of one height, by the way—obtained their bachelor's degrees, and in time their licentiates, though as rewards for different degrees of learning. They were from Villacastin, beyond Avila in Old Castile: but their father, a hidalgo of small estates there, possessed also a farm and the remains of a castle across the frontier in the kingdom of Leon, a league to the west of Salvatierra on the Tormes. It had come to him as security for a loan which was never paid: and, dying, he left this property to his younger son Andrea. Now when the French set a Corsican upon the throne of our kingdoms, these two brothers withdrew from Salamanca; but while Andrea took up his abode on his small heritage, and gave security for his good behaviour, Eugenio, the elder, turned his back on the paternal home (which the French had ravaged), and became a rebel, a nameless, landless man and a wanderer, with his guitar for company. You follow me?"

"I follow you, Señor Don Eugenio—"

"Not 'de Fuentes,'" he put in with a smile. "The real name you shall read upon certain papers and parchments of which I hope to possess myself to-night. In short, my friend, since we are on the way to Salamanca, why should I not apply there for my doctor's degree?"

"It requires a thesis, I have always understood."

"That is written."

"May I ask upon what subject?"

"The fiend take me if I know yet! But it is written, safe enough."

"Ah, I see! We go to Salvatierra—Yes, yes, but what of me, who know scarcely any Latin beyond my *credo*?"

"Why, that is where I feel a certain delicacy. Having respect to your rank, *caballero*, I do not like to propose that you should become my servant."

"I am your servant already, and for a week past I have been an Asturian. It will be promotion."

He sprang up gaily. "What a comrade is mine!" he cried, flinging away the end of his cigarette. "To Salvatierra, then—Santiago, and close Spain!"

Darkness overtook us as we climbed down the slopes: but we pushed on, Fuentes leading the way boldly. Evidently he had come to familiar ground. But it was midnight before he brought me, by an abominable road, to a farmstead the walls of which showed themselves ruinous even in the starlight—for moon there was none. At an angle of the building—which once upon a time had been whitewashed—rose a solid tower, with a doorway and an iron-studded door and a narrow window overhead. In spite of the hour, Fuentes advanced nonchalantly and began to bang the door, making noise enough to wake the dead. The window above was presently opened—one could hear, with a shaking hand. "Who is there?" asked a man's voice no less tremulous. "Who are you, for the love of God?"

"*Gente de paz*, my dear brother!—not your friends the French. I hope, by the way, you are entertaining none."

"I have been in bed these four hours or five.

heavy. The door opened at length, and a thin man in a nightcap peered out upon us with an oil-lamp held aloft over the hand shading his eyes.

"You had best call Juan," said his brother easily, "and bid him stable the mule. For the remainder of the night we are your guests; and, to ensure our sleeping well, you shall fetch out the choicest of the theses you have composed for your doctorate and read us a portion over our wine."

We lay that night, after a repast of thin wine and chestnuts, in a spare chamber, and on beds across the feet of which the rats scuttled. I did not see Don Andrea again: but his brother, who had risen betimes, awakened me from uneasy slumber and showed me his spoil. Sure enough it included a pair of spectacles and a bulky roll of manuscript, a leathern jerkin, a white shirt, and a pair of velvet-fustian breeches, tawny yellow in hue and something the worse for wear. Belowstairs, in the courtyard, we found a white-haired retainer waiting, with his grip on the bridles of my mule and a raw-boned grey mare.

"The *caballero* will bring them back when he has done with them?" said this old man as I mounted. The request puzzled me for a moment until I met his eyes and found them fastened wistfully on my breeches.

Assuredly Fuentes was an artist. Besides the spectacles, which in themselves transformed him, he had borrowed a broad-brimmed hat and a rusty black sleeveless *mancha*, which, by the way he contrived it to hang, gave his frame an extraordinary lankiness. But his final and really triumphant touch was simply a lengthening of the stirrups, so that his legs dangled beneath the mare's belly like a couple of ropes with shoes attached. If Don Andrea watched us out of sight from his tower—as I doubt not he did—his emotions as he recognised his portrait must have been lively.

In this guise we ambled steadily all day along the old Roman road leading to Salamanca, and came within sight of it as the sun was sinking. It stood on the eastern bank of the river, fronting the level rays, its walls rising tier upon tier, its towers and cupolas of cream-coloured stone bathed in gold, with recesses of shadowy purple. A bridge of twenty-five or six arches spanned the cool river-bed, and towards this we descended between corn-fields, of which the light swept the topmost ears while the stalks stood already in twilight. Truly it was a noble city yet, and so I cried aloud to Fuentes. But his eyes, I believe, saw only what the French had marred or demolished.

A group of their soldiery idled by the bridge-end, waiting for the guard to be relieved, and lolled against the parapet watching the bathers, whose shouts came up to me from the

chasm below. But instead of riding up and presenting our passes, Fuentes, a furlong from the bridge, turned his mare's head to the left and reined up at the door of a small riverside tavern.

The innkeeper—a brisk, athletic man, with the air of a retired servant—appeared at the door as we dismounted. He scanned Fuentes narrowly, while giving him affable welcome. Plainly he recognised him as an old patron, yet plainly the recognition was imperfect.

"Eh, my good Bartolomé, and so you still cling above the river? I hope custom clings here too?"

"But—but can it be the Señor Don—"

"Eugenio, my friend. The spectacles puzzle you: they belong to my brother, Don Andrea, and I may tell you that after a day's wear I find them trying to the eyes. But, you understand, there are reasons . . . and so you will suppose me to be Don Andrea, while bringing a cup of wine, and another for my servant, to Don Eugenio's favourite seat, which was at the end of the garden beyond the mulberry-tree, if you remember."

"Assuredly this poor house is your Lordship's, and all that belongs to it. The wine shall be fetched with speed. But as for the table at the end of the garden, I regret to tell your Lordship that it is occupied for a while. If for this evening, I might recommend the parlour—." The innkeeper made his excuse with a certain quick trepidation which Fuentes did not fail to note.



*In this guise we ambled steadily all day.*

"Peace," say you? I wish you would take your own risks and leave me in peace! What is it you want, this time?"

"'Tis a good six weeks, brother, since my last visit: and, as you know, I never call without need."

"Well, what is it you need?"

"I need," said Fuentes with great gravity, "the loan of your spectacles."

"Be serious, for God's sake! And do not raise your voice so: the French may be following you—"

"Dear Andrea, and if the French were to hear it, surely mine is an innocent request. A pair of spectacles!"

"The French—" began Don Andrea and broke off, peering down short-sightedly into the courtyard. "Ah, there is someone else! Who is it? Who is it you have in the darkness?"

"*Dios!* A moment since you were begging for silence, and now you want me to call out my friend's name—to who knows what ears? He has a mule, here, and I—oh yes, beside the spectacles I shall require a horse: a horse, and—let me see—a treatise."

"Have you been drinking, brother?"

"No: and, since you mention it, a cup of wine, too, would not come amiss. Is this a way to treat the *caballero* my friend? For the honour of the family, brother, step down and open the door."

Don Andrea closed the window, and by-and-by we heard the bolts withdrawn, one by one—and they were

"What is this? Your garden full? It appears then, my good Bartolomé, that your custom has not suffered in these bad times."

"On the contrary, Señor, it has fallen off woefully: my garden has been deserted for months, and is empty now, save for two gentlemen, who, as luck will have it, have chosen to seat themselves in your Lordship's favourite corner. Ah, yes, the old times were the best! and I was a fool to grumble, as I sometimes did, when my patrons ran me off my legs."

"But steady, Bartolomé: not so fast! Surely there used to be three tables beyond the mulberry-tree, or my memory is sadly at fault."

"Three tables? Yes, it is true there are three tables. Nevertheless—"

"I cannot see," pursued Fuentes with a musing air—"no, for the life of me I cannot see how two gentlemen should require three tables to drink their wine at."

"Nor I, Señor. It must, as you say, be a caprice: nevertheless they charged me that on all accounts they were to have that part of the garden to themselves."

"A very churlish caprice, then! They are Frenchmen, doubtless?"

"No, indeed, your Lordship: but two lads of good

They stared up angrily at our intrusion, and for the moment the elder of the pair seemed about to demand our business. But Fuentes walked calmly by, took his seat at the next table, pulled out his bundle of manuscript, adjusted his spectacles, and began to read. Having deposited my baggage, I took up a respectful position behind him, ignoring—somewhat ostentatiously perhaps—the strangers' presence, yet not without observing them from the corner of my eye.

They were young: the elder, maybe, three-and-twenty, short, thick-set, with features just now darkened by his ill-humour, but probably sullen enough at the best of times: the younger, tall and nervous and extraordinarily fair for a Spaniard, with a weak, restless mouth and restless, passionate eyes. Indeed, either this restlessness was a disease with him or he was suffering just now from an uncontrollable agitation. Eyes, mouth, feet, fingers—the whole man seemed to be twitching. I set down his age at eighteen. On the table stood a large flask of wine, from which he helped himself fiercely, and beside the flask lay a long bundle wrapped in a cloak.

This young man, having drained his glass at a gulp, let out an oath and sprang up suddenly with

am no *alguacil* in disguise, but a poor scholar returning to Salamanca for his doctorate. Nor do I seek to know the cause of your quarrel. But here comes the wine!" He waited until the tapster had set flask and glasses on the table and withdrawn. "In the interval before your friends arrive you will not grudge me, Sirs, the draining of a glass to remembrance in a garden where I too have loved my friends, and quarrelled with them, in days gone by—days older now than I care to reckon." He raised the wine and held it up for a moment against the sunset. "Youth—youth!" he sighed.

"You are welcome, Sir," said the younger man a trifle more graciously; "but we expect no seconds, and, believe me, we shall presently be pressed for time."

Fuentes raised his eyebrows. "You surprise and shock me, Sirs. In the days to which I drank just now it was not customary for gentlemen of the University of Salamanca to fight without witnesses. We left that to porters and grooms."

"And pray," sneered the darker young man, "may we know the name of him who from the height of his years and experience presumes to intrude this lecture on us?"

"You may address me, if you will, as Don Andrea



*Sprang up suddenly with a glare upon Fuentes.*

birth, gentlemen of Spain, the one a bachelor, the other a student of the University."

"All the more, then, they deserve a lesson. Bartolomé, you will tell your tapster to bring my wine to the vacant table beyond the mulberry-tree."

"But, Señor—" As Fuentes moved off, the innkeeper put forth a hand to entreat if not to restrain him.

"Eh?" Fuentes halted as if amazed at his impudence. "Ah, to be sure, I am Don Andrea: but do not forget, my friend, that Don Eugenio used to be quick-tempered, and that in members of one family these little likenesses crop up in the most unexpected fashion." He strode away down the shadowy garden-path over which in the tree-tops a last beam or two of sunset lingered: and I, having hitched up our beasts, followed him, carrying the saddle-bags and his guitar-case.

Three tables, as he had premised, stood in the patch of garden beyond the mulberry-tree, hedged in closely on three sides, giving a view in front upon the towers and fortifications across the river; a nook secluded as a stage-box facing a scene that might have been built and lit up for our delectation. The tables, with benches alongside, stood moderately close together—two by the river-wall, the third in the rear, where the hedge formed an angle: and the two gentlemen so jealous of their privacy were seated at the nearer of the two tables overlooking the river, and on the same bench—though at the extreme ends of it and something more than a yard apart.

a glare upon Fuentes, who had stretched out his legs and was already absorbed in his reading.

"Señor Stranger," he began impetuously, "we would have you to know, if the innkeeper has not already told you—"

"Gently!" interposed his comrade. "You are going the wrong way to work. My friend, Sir"—he addressed Fuentes, who looked up with a mild surprise—"my friend, Sir, was about to suggest that the light is poor for reading."

"Oh," answered Fuentes, smiling easily, "for a minute or two—until they bring my wine. Moreover, I wear excellent glasses."

"But the place is not too well chosen."

Fuentes appeared to digest this for a moment, then turned around upon me with a puzzled air.

"My good Pedro, you have not misled me, I hope? I am short-sighted, gentlemen; and if we have strayed into a private garden I offer you my profoundest apologies." He gathered his manuscript into a roll and stood up.

"To be plain with you, Sir," said the dark man sullenly, "this is not precisely a private garden, and yet we desire privacy."

"Oho?" After a glance around, Fuentes fixed his eyes on the bundle lying on the table. "And at the point of the sword—eh?"

The two young men started and at once began to eye each other suspiciously.

"No, no," Fuentes assured them, smiling; "this is no trap, believe me, but a chance encounter; and I

Galazza de Villacastin, a licentiate of your University—"

To my astonishment the younger man stopped him with a short offensive laugh. "You may spare us the rest, Sir. Don Andrea Galazza is known to us and to all honest patriots by repute: we can supply the rest of his titles for ourselves, beginning with *renegado*—"

"Hist!" interposed his comrade, at the same time catching up the swords from the table. "Don't be a fool, Sebastian—speak lower, for God's sake!—the very soldiers at the bridge will hear you!"

"Ay, Sir," chimed in Fuentes gravely; "listen to your friend's advice, and do not increase the peril of your remarks by the foolishness of shouting them."

But the youngster, flushed with wine and overstrung, had lost for the moment all self-control. "I accept that risk," cried he, "for the pleasure of telling Don Andrea Galazza what kind of man he passes for among honourable folk. He, the brother of Don Eugenio—of our hero, the noble Fuentes! He, that signed his peace while that noble heart preferred to break!" He spat in furious contempt.

Fuentes turned to me quietly. "Behold one of the enthusiasts we came to seek," he murmured; "and one who will not fear risks. But these testimonials are embarrassing, and this fame of mine swells to a nuisance." He faced his accuser. "Nevertheless," answered he aloud, "you make a noise that must disconcert your friend, who is in two minds about assassinating me. Why spoil his game by arousing the neighbourhood?"

*(To be concluded.)*



THE WINNER OF THE FIRST PRIZE FOR TROTTING-HORSES, CLASS 41:  
MESSRS. CARR'S FUTURE QUEEN.



THE WINNERS OF TANDEM CLASS 28: MISS E. S. ROSS'S TURN-OUT  
ON THE SHOW-GROUND.



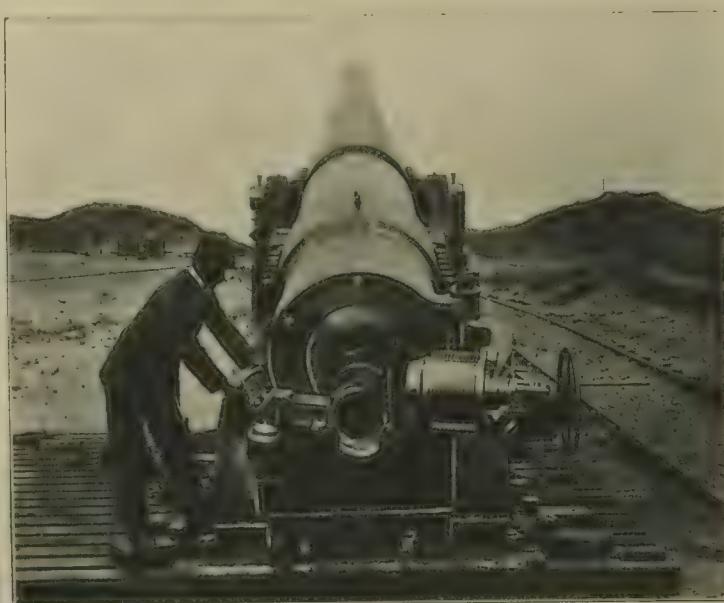
THE WINNER OF THE COOTE CHALLENGE CUP AND HUNTER'S CHAMPION CUP:  
MR. J. DOYLE'S HUNTER MOYGLASS.



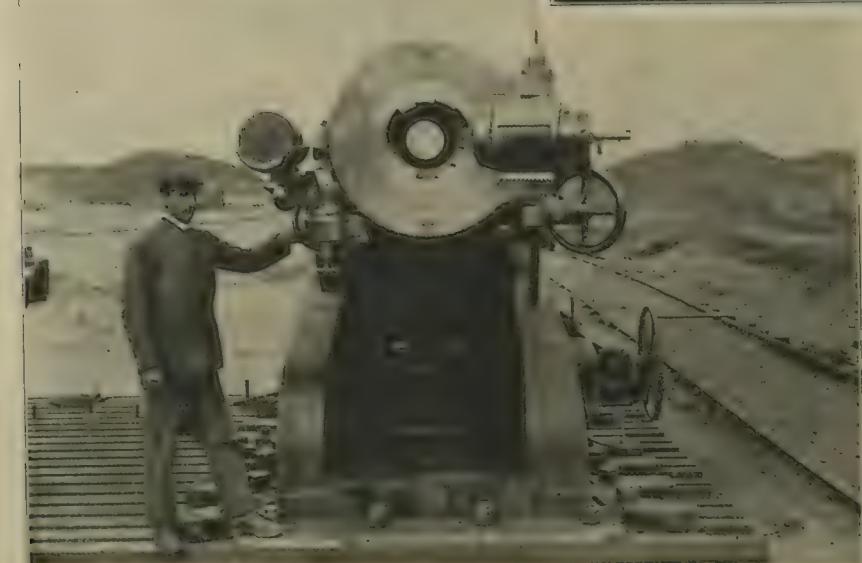
Photo. d'Arcy.  
THE WINNER OF THE CROKER CHALLENGE CUP:  
MRS. O'CALLAGHAN'S THOROUGHBRED

THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW OF 1904: SOME NOTABLE WINNERS.

THE weapon is far more powerful than any gun of similar type, and will be used on the new battle-ships "Lord Nelson" and "Agamemnon." It fires a projectile weighing 380 lb., and the rate of fire is two or three shots a minute. At a distance of two miles the shots can easily penetrate eleven inches of Krupp steel. Each ship will carry ten of these guns, now building for the Admiralty by Messrs. Vickers Sons and Maxim.



THE GUN  
ELEVATED  
FOR HIGH  
ANGLE  
FIRE.  
Note shell  
in  
carrier  
at the  
entrance  
of the  
breech.



THE BREECH OPENED.

THE NEW 9.2-IN. WIRE-WOUND GUN FOR THE BRITISH NAVY.



THE BREECH CLOSED.

Photo. d'Arcy.

THE wire-wound gun is finding increasing favour with artillerists, owing to the power of resisting the pressure of high charges. The guns are wound upon a steel core, and an interminable length of wire is used. The method of winding may be popularly described as resembling that adopted for the handles of cricket-bats. Note in the pictures the carrier for the shell, which is slewed round to the breech at the moment of loading.

MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES'S NEW COMEDY AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER, MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH, AND THEIR SUPPORTERS IN THEIR NEW PARTS.

TEMPLES AS PRISON AND HOSPITAL: MUSCOVITE CAPTIVES AND JAPANESE WOUNDED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. H. HARE; COPYRIGHT IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY "COLLIER'S WEEKLY."



TWO RUSSIAN PRISONERS, TAKEN IN THE HAND-TO-HAND FIGHT AT KWANTU, UNDER GUARD ON THE STEPS OF THE OLD KWANTU TEMPLE.



JAPANESE WOUNDED IN THE NEW TEMPLE AT KWANTU.

AFTER KWANTU: JAPANESE CARE FOR THE WOUNDED.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKOEK, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. H. HARE. COPYRIGHT IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY "COLLIER'S WEEKLY."



BURIAL AND SEARCH PARTIES LOOKING FOR THE DEAD AND WOUNDED AFTER THE FIGHT OF KWANTU.



SHOT THROUGH THE LEG: A JOVIAL RUSSIAN SOLDIER WHO BECAME POPULAR WITH HIS CAPTORS.



A FIGHT IN THE RAIN: THE JAPANESE DRIVING THE RUSSIANS FROM THE MOUNTAIN PASSES SOUTH-EAST OF KAIPI NG.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

MR. BALFOUR'S ADDRESS.

That the delivery of Mr. Balfour's address as President of the British Association was an event which was eagerly anticipated by the vast bulk of science-workers, goes without saying. That they will feel satisfied with Mr. Balfour's views regarding the limitation of human faculties, and especially with his notions of the boundary lines of research, is quite another matter. I confess that I rose from the perusal of the address struck by its thoroughly pessimistic tone; and I find from other criticisms of the speech that I am not alone in holding this opinion and in experiencing the feeling in question. It is as though the Prime Minister had set himself the task of showing that if any central mystery exists regarding the making of the world and the constitution of matter—a point we need not deny—the ability of man to resolve such a problem is open to serious question. If he meant to tell us that human intelligence has its limits, and that our sense-organs, as he well might have shown, though fairly excellent all round, are vastly deficient in parts when compared with their representatives in lower life, he succeeded very aptly in conveying this information. But he forgot to show with equal eloquence that man has a knack of supplementing his own personal powers by the aid of brain and senses employed in the invention of scientific apparatus, and in the discovery of new methods of research.

Take as an instance of the latter fact the progress of that department of chemistry to which the name of "synthesis" has been applied. This process implies the manufacture of compounds by building them up in the laboratory from the elements of which analysis has shown them to consist. To-day, very many substances necessary for our civilised existence are so obtained, and, most wonderful of all, we can imitate closely in the laboratory many of the actual products of living Nature herself. Now, here is a power which has opened up a new vista of chemical science. It has enlarged the domain both of research and of commercial enterprise. Suppose an alchemist of the fifteenth century to have addressed an assemblage of his colleagues (who were the forefathers of the modern chemist) to the effect that there was no vista ahead of them at all, what, it may be asked, should we have thought of his remarks? So far from limitation being the order of the day in scientific advance, in chemistry, physics, engineering, electrical science, and, indeed, all other branches of research, it appears to me that our powers of discovery, judging by results alone, have been of late years enormously developed.

I go the length of saying that Mr. Balfour's address was in parts illogical. He boldly tells us that as our organs of sense-perception were not given us for purposes of research—how this opinion is arrived at may well puzzle us—the opinions of mankind regarding the world they inhabit, and themselves, are utterly untrustworthy. If our sense-organs, and the brain of which they are "the gateways of knowledge," are so imperfect, how can Mr. Balfour legitimately use his own, implied, defective nervous apparatus to arrive at such a conclusion? Is his view, in virtue of his statement regarding our universal defects, any more reliable than that of the optimist who may argue that man, as yet, is not nearly at the end of his intellectual tether? The Premier's argument cuts both ways. It is a double-edged weapon, for the results arrived at by the use of so limited a thinking and appreciating apparatus are just as likely to be erroneous as correct.

Personally, I regret that Mr. Balfour's address should have ended with the expression of opinion to which I have referred. It is never wise to discredit and discount our powers of mind. We need not lift ourselves into regions of vain imaginings by assuming that all the secrets of nature must necessarily be laid bare before us, or that such questions as "What is life?" and "What is mind?" will receive their due replies. That limitations must exist to the penetrative power of man's intellect, we may all frankly admit. The argument that our sense-organs were not given us for purposes of research may to some of us appear to be as ridiculous as that which would hold that eyes were not meant to see with nor ears to hear with. If the man of science uses his organs of sense-perception to examine, say, into the mysteries of matter, and employs his brain to interpret what his sense-organs convey to it, surely it is only a weakly bit of transcendental philosophy which can afford to argue that the scientist is either making a wrong use of his eyes and ears and brain centres, or at least that he is employing them for a function they were never meant to discharge.

That the whole universe may be one day opened to human research, and that no mystery will remain hidden, is, of course, a fatuous supposition. There may be an end to the ever "more wonderful tale," which Nature, the old nurse, tells to the child on her knee. That end, however, is not yet. Let us suppose and admit that the central mysteries of the universe will remain impregnable against scientific attack, can it be said that in the special sphere commanded by and open to research we have necessarily exhausted all possible discoveries? Centuries after ours men will probably be successfully tackling electrical problems with the effect of harnessing that form of energy more thoroughly in the service of man. It will be the same in chemistry and in other departments of science. Within the vast scope of the universe there is ample room for laborious work in solving problems which lie very near to hand to-day. True science, while hopeful, is always humble with a humility born of the knowledge of just, but not unjust, limitations. I hope it will be reserved for the next President to strike at least a note of encouragement, not depression.

ANDREW WILSON.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

L DESANGS.—In your three-mover, if Black play 1. Kt takes R, 2. Q to R 8th (ch), or R takes P (ch); again, if 1. P to Kt 7th, Q to R 8th or R 5th. You probably would like to correct these defects.

P DAILY.—There are dual continuations in No. 6. If Black play 1. P to R 3rd, 2. Q to Q 5th, or Q to Kt 6th. There is also a double mate in main play. Additional problem to hand.

RAJA SATI PROSAD GORGO B'DOOR (Midnapore, Bengal).—Thanks for your problem duly to hand. It would be impossible for us to accept it, as the solution consists of a series of checks, which in a modern problem is considered quite inadmissible.

E J P (Bristol).—Your solution is correct and acknowledged in its due place; but the problem will not do, for the reason given to a correspondent above.

A L P.—Your problem shall be examined.

MARTIN F AND OTHERS.—Thanks for information.

A W DANIEL.—Much obliged.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3132 received from J E (Valparaiso); of No. 3142 from Raja Sati Prosad Gorgo B'door (Bengal); of No. 3143 from J J Morton (Hamilton, Ontario); of No. 3144 from R C L (Oxford), C Field junior (Athol, Mass.), and J J Morton (Hamilton); of No. 3145 from Albert Wolff (Putney), T W W (Bootham), F Oppenheim, W Hopkinson (Derby), Emile Frau (Lyons), F Drakeford (Brampton), and E G Rodway (Trowbridge); of No. 3146 from F R Pickering (Forest Hill), H Le Jeune, E G Rodway (Trowbridge), F Drakeford (Brampton), Vincent Lewis, Emile Frau, F W Gardner (Leicester), R C L (Oxford), F Oppenheim, George Fisher (Belfast), J D Tucker (Ilkley), T W W (Boo'ham), Hereward, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), and Albert Wolff (Putney).

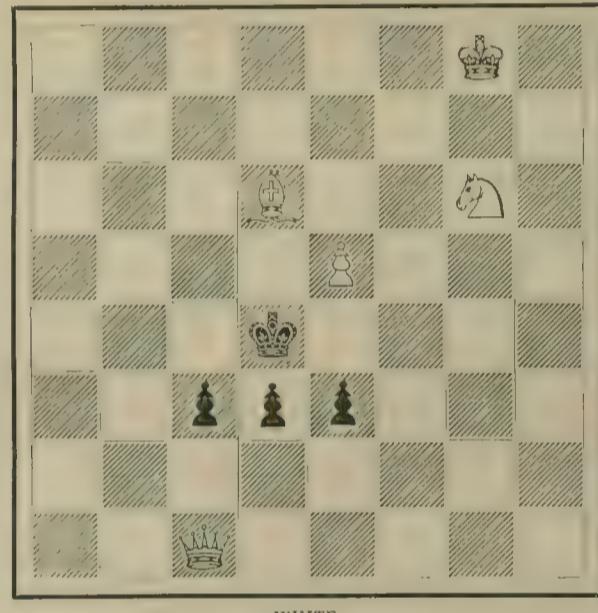
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3147 received from Clement C Danby, J Da Costa, Thomas Charlton (Clapham Park), S May, F Henderson (Leeds), J D Tucker (Ilkley), Shadforth, George Fisher (Belfast), Emile Frau (Lyons), Fire Plug, E J Polglase (Bristol), L E B (Bradford), T Roberts, A G Bagot (Dublin), F A Hill, J A S Hanbury (Birmingham), A Belcher (Wycombe), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Charles Burnett, H S Bradreth (Bingen), L Desanges, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), E J Winter-Wood, M Hobhouse, E G Rodway (Trowbridge), Rev. A Mays (Bedford), R Long, W Curwen Barrett (Manchester), Eugene Henry (Lewisham), Café Glacier (Marseilles), T Boyce, Stephanie Letton (Ipswich), Doryman, C E Perugini, and Sorrento.

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3146.—By E. J. WINTER-WOOD.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Q to Kt 3rd Any move  
2. Q, B, or Kt mates.

## PROBLEM NO. 3149.—By R. ST. G. BURKE.

BLACK.



## CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the National Chess Tournament, between MESSRS. GUNSTON AND TATTERSALL.

(Roy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. G.) BLACK (Mr. T.) WHITE (Mr. G.) BLACK (Mr. T.)  
1. P to K 5th P to K 4th for attack, and handles the rest of the game with brilliant effect.  
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd 18. Kt to Q 2nd  
3. B to K 5th P to Q R 3rd 19. Kt to B 5th B takes Kt  
4. B to R 4th Kt to B 3rd 20. Q takes B Kt to B 4th  
5. Castles B to K 2nd 21. Kt to Q 4th P to Kt 3rd  
6. Kt to B 3rd P to Q 3rd 22. Q to R 3rd Q to B sq  
7. B takes Kt P takes B 23. Q to R 6th Kt to K 5th  
8. P to Q 4th P takes P 24. P to K 6th Threatening mate by the pretty sacrifice of his Queen at Kt 7th.  
9. Q takes P Castles 25. R to B 3rd P to B 3rd  
10. R to K sq B to K 3rd 26. R takes Kt R to K sq  
11. P to Q 3rd P to Q 4th 27. Q to R 4th P takes R  
12. P to K 5th Kt to Q 2nd 28. Q takes K P B to Kt 2nd  
13. B to Kt 2nd K B to B 4th 29. Q to B 7th (ch) K to R sq  
14. Q to R 4th Kt to Kt sq 30. Kt to B 5th All this is excellent chess. It will be noticed three pieces are left en prise by White.  
15. Q to R sq P to Q 4th 31. R to K 3rd B takes B  
16. Kt to K 4th B to K 2nd 32. R to K 4th P to K 4th  
17. Kt to Kt 3rd R to R 3rd 33. Q takes Kt P Resigns.  
18. Q to K B 4th White has all his pieces now finely posted

Another game in the Tournament, between MESSRS. LEONHARDT and MASON.

(Giucio Piana.)

WHITE (Mr. L.) BLACK (Mr. M.) WHITE (Mr. L.) BLACK (Mr. M.)  
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th 9. P takes B Castles  
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd 10. P to Q 5th Kt to Kt sq  
3. B to B 4th B to B 4th 11. R to K sq Kt to B 3rd  
4. P to B 3rd Kt to B 3rd 12. P to Q 6th P takes P  
5. P to Q 4th P takes P 13. Q takes P P to Q Kt 4th  
Steinitz's recommendation. For the sacrifice of the K P it yields in return a strong attack.  
5. P takes P P takes P 14. B to Kt 3rd Kt to B 3rd  
6. P takes B B to Kt 5th (ch) 15. B to R 3rd R to K sq  
7. Kt to B 3rd Kt takes K P takes K  
8. Castles B takes K This exchange serves no good purpose. After P takes B, Black cannot reply K takes P on account of Q to K sq (ch).  
A fatal error. B to Kt 2nd would postpone the end, but the result could never be in doubt.

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## THE SPORTSMAN AND THE KIRK.

He was a rough, weather-beaten Highland shepherd, busily engaged driving a flock of lambs over the open road. To the right and to the left the purpling heather stretched to the limits of sight, while northwards the high hills lost their peaks in cloudland. I asked the shepherd to direct me to certain butts—I had insisted upon walking to the place of meeting appointed by my friends on the previous evening, and had lost the way. Happily, the lambs were being guided to some pastures just below the moor I sought, so the shepherd invited me to accompany him. And when he was not shouting directions in Gaelic to the sheepdog, he was talking to me, in the soft, deliberate accents of his district, about the Free Church case.

An out-and-out supporter of the Free Church was this decent man, who held that righteousness had come out of the South to confound utterly certain men of Belial. "And their vessels of gold and vessels of silver, their purple and fine raiment shall be taken from them," said the shepherd, speaking with an accent that made his words hard to follow and impossible to reproduce in fashion that would be true and yet intelligible to the reader. But before I left him I understood that the remnant of the Free Church of Scotland, which "went out" in 1843 on the question of spiritual liberty, and has enjoyed sixty-one prosperous years, had been victorious over the majority of that body, who decided in 1900 to join the United Presbyterians and make a United Free Church. A decision of the House of Lords (the righteousness that came from the South) had upset the verdict of the Scottish Courts, and decided that the property of the Free Church did not belong to the great majority, but to the dozen or two who, as the shepherd put it, "had not bowed the knee to Baal." So these few clergymen, for the most part Highlanders dwelling in remote parts of Scotland, now had charge of more than a million pounds of invested funds (the shepherd said ten millions), together with one thousand one hundred manses and four colleges, while the United Free Church was left to such comfort as its conscience could afford.

I said good-bye to the shepherd at a point where the long line of butts was clearly visible, refusing the proffered snuff-box which he pressed upon me in his great joy at the triumph of the righteous cause; and in half-an-hour I was waiting comfortably for the driven grouse. The worthy cartridge-carrier who accompanied me, having assured himself that the first covey would not be sighted in the next ten minutes, asked me if I had heard of the judgment of the House of Lords in the Free Church case, and if "ever a body had heard the like o' that?" Another decent man this—Free Church, with leanings towards a union with the United Presbyterians, and an opinion that it was an "awful" thing for London "buddies" that know nothing of the Free Church to rush in with a judgment that stripped honest men of their possessions. It was "no recht"—But at this moment the first covey came down, to settle in fashion most provoking about forty yards from my butt. Father grouse lighted upon a heather top and made a keen survey of the surrounding country, while his wife and family were content to crouch as though vaguely conscious that all was not well. Even the claims of a religious controversy must be set aside until the first flight of birds had passed over, and the sland had been gathered together.

At lunch the grouse prospects seemed to take quite a second place while the Free Church case was considered in all its bearings. In the evening at dinner, when the house-party was strengthened by the arrival of the minister, a Free Churchman who had joined the Union in 1900, even the war in the Far East seemed to lack sustained interest, perhaps because London papers are always twenty-four hours late in these parts, and when he is away from home an Englishman insists upon his own morning paper to strengthen if not to create his convictions.

Two days later, by the banks of a burn famous in local annals for its trout, I found two fishermen, middle-aged holiday-makers, arguing the matter out. Their rods lay neglected on the bank, and they seemed to forget that the rains of the day before had left the swollen, muddy stream in the best condition for their sport. They quoted legal decisions, they pelted each other with passages from the Scriptures. Needless to say, both were Free Churchmen, and while one was of the Union, the other was of the small minority that was fain to abide by the letter as well as the spirit of the original foundation. While I stayed, fishing was suspended, and the sound of voices at war followed me along the bank, raising the white-waistcoated water-ouzel from the stone whereon he sought his small and necessary share of the stream's inhabitants, and startling the shy grey-heron into flight.

I went down to the station by the edge of the rail, where the grouse-protectors on the telegraph-lines hummed in the breeze, and there the station-master invited me to join him in offering praise for a victory that made for righteousness. It was clearly right and proper, opined the worthy servant of the Highland Railway, that men who departed from the narrow way should be smitten hip and thigh from Dan even unto Beersheba. In the days of their triumph they had trampled upon the small remnant of the faithful, but now that insignificant minority, by reason of the faith that was in them, had ascended to the high places of the Philistines, and were undisputed masters of many millions. In short, the dissentient majority might be likened to Agag, and the faithful "buddies" to Samuel. "An' Sa-muel hewed Agag in pieces before the Lord in Gilgal, d'y'e mind," remarked the station-master in conclusion.

In farm and farm-steading, in bothy and wayside inn, among all sorts and conditions of men I found the Church question uppermost, even grouse-disease could not command an audience, crops were a matter of little moment, and Port Arthur did not count at all. But I think that the essence of the controversy was summed up for me by a farmer who still bears an even mind through the mazes of the discussion. "Man," he said, as he grabbed my proffered tobacco-pouch, "ony-wye, it's a gran' religious revival for Scotland."

ST. PARTRIDGE'S DAY : THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

DRAWN BY G. E. LODGE.



THEIR HEREDITARY ENEMIES: THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE BEATERS.

## LADIES' PAGE.

Amid all the distractions of royal life the Queen has kept unaltered the simplest and warmest family affections, and her Majesty's journey to Scotland has been in chief part to visit her grandchildren there. The Duchess of Fife is a really fine salmon-fisher, but the Queen only cares to fish for trout, and the keen air of the Highlands does not so clearly agree with her as it did with the late Queen; so that probably she would



A DAINTY COUNTRY HOUSE GOWN.

It is of white, soft material, with a yoke of lace and tucked chiffon. The trimming is a fine line of black velvet and buttons.

not have gone to Scotland just now but for the fact that her family affections called for the journey. Queen Alexandra is soon to part with two of her Maids-of-Honour, as one of the twin Misses Vivian and Miss M. Hart Dyke, who hold that much-coveted place near the Queen's person, are both engaged to be married. The Maids-of-Honour have very light duties, but the privilege of being so much with the Queen is naturally valued, and the place carries with it also an annual allowance, and gives the right to the title of "Hon." to such of these young ladies as are not already entitled by birth to that attractive little prefix. The much-desired position is given by the Queen as a mark and token of special personal favour to the family to which the Maid-of-Honour belongs. Thus, the mother of Miss Hart Dyke, Lady Emily, is a special favourite with the Queen; and Colonel the Hon. Oliver Montagu, who was Lady Emily Hart Dyke's brother, was also a devoted servant and much-valued friend of the Queen, who felt deeply his loss in the Soudan.

The Queen takes a special interest in the nursing service of the Army, and the nurses, whose headquarters are at Netley, are called after her Majesty's name. A visit which the Queen paid to Netley Hospital during her stay in the Isle of Wight was much appreciated, and was often referred to in satisfied tones at the annual dinner which the Queen Alexandra Nurses arrange amongst themselves, and which has recently taken place at a London club. It is becoming quite the fashion for women to hold dinners of commemoration or fellowship nowadays, and the existence of ladies' clubs facilitates the arrangements—though, unfortunately, the catering at every one of these clubs that I know is easily outshone by that at almost any restaurant of quite modest pretensions. One nevertheless entertains at one's club, because of the advantage of the nice drawing-rooms in which to receive one's party, and to sit in with one's circle of guests afterwards. On Aug. 24 the Principals of the leading Women's Colleges of America, who have come to England to attend the meeting of the British Association, were entertained at a large public luncheon at the Lyceum Club. At the same place some of the women physicians of London recently entertained several American women doctors; and I had the pleasure of having a large party of leaders of the Woman's Suffrage movement, including Miss Susan B. Anthony, a wonderful figure for her eighty-four years of age; Mrs. Chapman Catt, the late President, and the Rev. Anna Shaw, the existing President, of the American Suffrage Society.

I find that the Rev. Anna Shaw is the most generally interesting figure to Englishwomen. The lady clergyman is still a novelty here. Save for the "unattached" services of the Quakers and the Salvation Army, we know her not. I smile when I remember sitting at a committee with two of our Bishops' wives, making arrangements for the Women's Conference in London in 1899, and a suggestion was read from America that there should be an afternoon set apart for "clergy-women." With one voice, the Bishop's wives said: "What's that?" But there are several denominations in the States that admit women to orders; and at many Universities they can take theological degrees. The Rev. Anna Shaw was the accepted sole pastor of a Methodist Episcopal church at Cape Cod, Maine, for eight years; and there she married, christened, and read the burial service for her flock just like any other clergyman of her denomination. She had a marriage service of her own devising, which she only used, however, when the bridegroom desired it, as it did not include any other promises in the wife's vow than those to be made also by the husband. Most men consenting to be married by a woman minister, however, were also, she found, willing to take an equal vow with their brides. The Quakers' and the Salvation Army wedding services also follow this principle: man and wife give their promise exactly alike to one another.

In a very interesting book just published by Mr. Dougall on "The Burns Country," there is a story that is new to me of the wedding of the father and mother of Robert the Bruce. If it be authentic I think I may fairly add it to the instances that I have already noted to show that the qualities of the mother are apt to be inherited by the son, and those of the father by the daughter. It runs thus: the young and fair Marjorie, Countess of Carrick, was widowed by the death of her husband on a Crusade. She was thus made a ward of the King, and had reason to fear that he would force her to contract a marriage repugnant to herself. Riding one day through her own woods, with her retinue of men-at-arms, she met a charming young stranger knight, whom she loved at first sight. She invited him forthwith to accompany her to her Castle, as her guest; but the knight had other business on hand, and would fain decline. Hereupon the lady gave the word, and her squires seized the knight and carried him unwilling to a gracious captivity in Turnberry Castle. A fortnight's daily association with the fair Lady Carrick swept away all his objections, and the wedding forthwith took place. The son of this bold, resolute dame was none other than the Bruce who so nearly delivered Scotland from her foes.

We must all regret to learn that a young woman composer who had made one definite "hit," and gave promise of yet better things, Ellen Wright, has died. Her song "Violets" has won great popularity. Madame Liza Lehmann's light opera, too, is proving extremely popular, and, having been transferred from one London theatre, is about to be again transferred, as its success outruns the periods for which the houses have been respectively secured. But even with due allowance for all the obstacles that beset our sex—the claims of marriage and motherhood among them—in making an immortal name in any art, it seems as if there should by this time be more to record for women in music. The composers among our sex by no means stand in as good a relative position to the men working in the same field as do the authors and the artists. We have already a number of women who compose songs and light music, but only Madame Lehmann has made much of an attempt at more substantial works.

Face cloth is constructing some early autumn gowns with excellent effect. It lends itself, by its suppleness and grace of draping, to considerable decoration in the taste of the moment; kiltings, narrow frills, doubly gauged bands, and stitched strappings, all appear on cloth skirts. The very finest cloth is costly, but none other is worth making up. An inferior face-cloth not only does not drape effectively, but it spots with every drop of rain. It is the habit of a wise woman to-day to have a few really good clothes in regular wear. It is not a period destined to make its clothing last; fashion will change, and she who would not look *démodée* must change with it. It is far better, therefore, to give as much as possible to get a really fine and supple cloth for a dress or cloak, than to indulge in a number of less costly garments and have none of them satisfactory, and too many of them to get rid of quickly with a clear conscience. While short skirts are used for simple and everyday frocks, a "dressy" dress must still be trained; and the whole beauty of the fine cloth gowns now under discussion depends on their being made with plenty of flow and fullness round the feet. A pelerine effect on the bodice is to be sought after, either in the form of a veritable capelet passing low over the shoulders and sloping to the waist, or by trimmings devised with skill to produce the same folds and sloped outlines.

The tea-gown is pre-eminently the garment of the changing season, and much artistic skill is bestowed upon the new models. The Empire effect is often adopted. A white crêpe-de-Chine, accordion-pleated, fell in full folds from a short Empire bodice of lace, with a deep band of jewelled embroidery between, in which large cabochon emeralds were the principal feature. Bands of gold galon, lightened by large cabochon emeralds here and there, also hung down over the front of the robe. A gown wholly in coarse Irish crochet was made closely fitting in Princess fashion, the heavy lace allowing only mystically dim gleams of a deep purple gauze lining to appear; the falling angel sleeves from the elbow were of this purple alone, and a froth of flounces round the feet were naturally of purple gauze

likewise. A separate bodice and skirt is alien to the ideal of the tea-gown, but it made an effective article of attire all the same. The material was white cashmere, with a very wide band of lace in vandyke points round about the knees, and a long coat tail of the same lace at the back. This skirt was held round the waist by a deep swathed corselet belt, above which came a bolero bodice: it was composed entirely of lace, save for a pelerine of chiffon fixed at the bust by a diamond ornament. Black pleated mouseline-de-soie brocaded with velvet leaves was in another instance laid over a white foundation; a girdle of jet embroidery, and white lace flounces doing duty as sleeves to the elbow, made an effective finish. The "1830" fashions' influence is extended to some tea-gowns, and frillings run round and round the lower portion, and a pelerine of embroidered muslin is introduced over the shoulders. Anything that prevents the idea of looseness, ease, and intimate homeliness is a drawback; however ornate and costly in material and trimming a tea-gown may really be, this fundamental idea should not be lost to sight.

High-crowned hats are undoubtedly to take the leading place in autumn headgear. This is only the natural oscillation of fashion. In strong contrast are some flat, almost mushroom-shaped felts; these come mostly in a bright red, and are trimmed simply all round with a stiff quilling of silk of the same colour. The prevailing chapeau, however, has a jam-pot crown, and a moderately wide brim on which trimming is set so as to stand up against the crown. A hat of white beaver plumed with a snowy ostrich-feather passing round and falling over the back is a favourable example; a rosette in front holds the stem of the feather in place, and another rosette trims the back beside the tip of the plume. A fawn felt with a golden brown panne folded band round it and two upstanding feathers of the same tint is also pretty. Another example has the brim bent down at the back over the hair, and trimmed there with six or eight long loops of velvet ribbon nearly touching the middle of the back of the wearer. Black is the colour employed so far, and also for a velvet scarf round the hat; but the rest of the trimming is a cluster of pompons in mixed white and blue. Sky-blue felt is much seen at the milliners, and to trim it with black is a popular fancy; but an all-blue hat is most becoming to a fair woman, with grey eyes—the sort that are in compliment called blue,



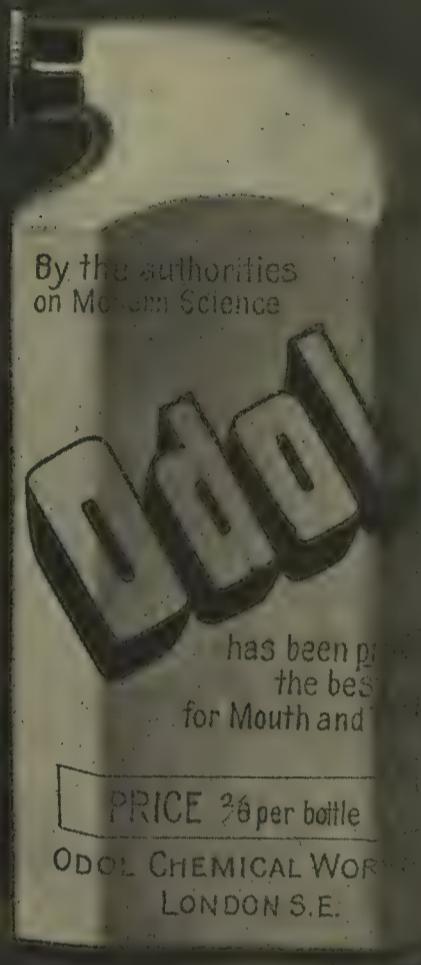
A FASHIONABLE COAT AND SKIRT.

The new fashion of a long-basqued tight-fitting coat and vest is here seen developed in Scotch tweed, with tan cloth vest.

and really look so when their "value" is brought out by the reflection of a blue hat or neckwear.

A dainty and delicate scent is that of the sweet pea, but hitherto it seems to have eluded the perfumer. Now the well-known Crown Perfumery Company seem to have caught the elusive odour, and it is a very sweet scent that they have imprisoned. Their "Natural Violets" perfume is another case in which the true flower scent is captured; while Lemzoin Soap is a pleasant novelty to try.

FIOMENA.



# The World's Dentifrice

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Bishop Montgomery has been calling attention to the Pan-Anglican Congress which will be held in London in 1908. The Congress will meet not for discussion but for action, and already every Anglican diocese throughout the world has been asked what question it considers of supreme importance for discussion at the present time. There is to be a thanksgiving service at St. Paul's Cathedral, when each province will present a gift.

The Rev. F. N. Thicknesse, who has been appointed by the Bishop of London to the important living of Hornsey, is a son of the retired Bishop of Leicester, and was ordained by Bishop Lightfoot in 1883. He has been Rector of Limehouse and Abingdon, and since 1899 has been Vicar of All Saints, Northampton. Hornsey is one of the most important livings in London, and its late Rector is now Bishop of Brisbane.

The Bishop of Wakefield has derived much benefit from his holiday in Switzerland. Writing in his *Diocesan Gazette*, he says: "I only wish it were possible for every tired worker to stand, as I do daily, in this huge amphitheatre of snow-clad peaks. The refreshment they afford is not only for the body. The grandeur and vastness and solitude of the noblest mountain scenery in Europe cannot fail to bring the highest inspiration to those who have a heart to feel their influence."

A most interesting article on "A Roman Catholic Bourneville" appears in the *Church Times* from the

pen of Father Adderley. The Vicar of St. Mark's, Marylebone, has been taking a holiday in France, and went to see Val des Bois, near Rheims, where the family of Harmel are rivalling the deeds of Mr. Cadbury and Mr. Lever. Father Adderley says that these three, so far as he knows, are the only three practical

and the younger generation are adopting the same methods. The motto of the colony is written up in many work-rooms and schools: "Jésus Christ Roi: Hommage et Consécration."

One of the oldest clergymen in the Church of England is Prebendary William Hutchinson, Vicar of Bl Burton, Stoke-on-Trent. He has just entered on his ninety-fifth year, and regularly conducts the service in his church. One of his treasures is a handsome Bible, with an inscription in brass, acknowledging his devotion to duty during the cholera scourge in East London during the 'forties.

Amongst the eldership of the United Free Church a movement is growing in favour of the calling in of arbitrators to deal with the present ecclesiastical crisis. Among the names mentioned are those of Lord Rosebery, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Mr. Asquith, and Lord Aberdeen. The Archbishop of Canterbury would probably be invited to preside. It is pointed out that at the beginning of the year heavy insurance duties fall to be paid on the property of the United Free Church. The sum

is said to amount to nearly £40,000, and it is asked out of whose pocket these payments must come. The smaller body is scarcely in a position to advance the money, while the larger could not be expected to pay these many thousands on property of which it is dispossessed. This is one of the many problems which would be solved by an early arbitration. V.



A GREAT ATTRACTION AT FELIXSTOWE: THE FELIX HOTEL.

The Felix Hotel, which is only two hours' journey on the Great Eastern Railway from Liverpool Street, has become very popular with visitors. It is just the distance from town for a pleasant day's run on a motor—about eighty miles.

Christian Socialist employers; and, he adds, "the greatest of these is Harmel."

The founder of the factories at Val des Bois charged his children to shun luxury as the crying sin of the age, to lead a simple life, and to love their workpeople. His son, who is now sixty-five years of age and known as "Le Bon Père," has carried out his father's wishes,

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## ART NOTES.

The high price paid for the Titian portrait of Ariosto, now in the National Gallery, is still the subject of discussion; and one incipient Chancellor of the Exchequer calculates that a moderate estimate of the interest on the capital invested and of the costs of insurance and upkeep places the yearly charge upon the picture at about £2000. Such budgets are often made by private owners, and the market is the sequel; but the nation need not watch and count too narrowly the disbursements which go to make our National Gallery a national glory. On the other hand, it is certain that pictures which could once have been bought in a cheap market are now secured in a dear one; and that fact may at first sight constitute a reproach to the trustees and keepers who have allowed the moment for a bargain to go by.

On the other hand, let it be remembered that the price of works of art has steadily increased over a long series of years, and that, since the days of Horace Walpole, there has hardly been a season when "record" prices were not realised and when people, remembering the past, were not crying out against the extortions of the present. Within the longest memories, the palmy days of picture-buying are palmy days that have no date. So lately as fourteen years ago that most conscientious of National Gallery Trustees, Sir William Gregory, writing of their new acquisitions, said, "The cost of them makes me blush when I think of it." Yet the Velasquez, the Moroni, and the Holbein under allusion would all fetch to-day a far larger sum than was spent upon them in 1890. But Sir William Gregory, then an old man, could remember other days, other prices. He could remember his tour in Spain with Robinson, with the resulting "finds," some of which have since been translated into funds at Christie's—a translation which refutes the old saying that everything loses by translation except a Bishop.

And Sir William could recall the prices he paid for the two beautiful examples of Velasquez which, a little later, he presented to the National Gallery—the "Christ in the House of Martha and Mary" and the "Sketch of a Duel in the Prado"—a mere matter of a few odd pounds. Another gift of his to the nation's treasury in Trafalgar Square is the

had ignored or missed, pointed the same moral—a moral which, like many of its order, is easily deduced from the past, but exceedingly difficult of future application in working life.

Meanwhile, in the case of the new Titian portrait, where no Titian portrait had before been hung, the public has responded with readiness to the opportunity of welcoming a great picture to public walls. Throughout the first days of its exhibition there has been a group of admirers before the easel which holds it within easy view of the same master's "Bacchus and Ariadne." It is interesting to observe that the sense of ownership gives weight to the appeal made by a newcomer among the great canvases in Trafalgar Square. In spite of the sensational price of £100,000 paid by Mr. Pierpont Morgan for his Raphael, the loan of that work to the National Gallery, where it is still to be seen, never gained for it the compliment of a crowd that was entirely its own. Where a picture has been purchased for the nation it is only natural that numbers of people should hasten to make acquaintance with a painting that is their own possession; a permanent companion; a sight that will henceforth greet the eyes of every visitor to the room that contains, as we gratefully own, a grandly representative collection of the Venetian School.

A curious surprise for the student who visits the

Gallery for the first time since the recent changes is that some quite inferior canvases, lent by a well-known collector, canvases which have lost any merit they once had through ignorant over-painting, and which were for some time placed on screens in the Umbrian Room, are now hung upon the walls. Without any courtesy to the owner and lender of these pictures, we must regret that they find place in such company.

W. M.



THE LORD LIEUTENANT AT THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW: LORD DUDLEY AND PARTY ON THE GROUND.

"Adoration of the Shepherds," by Savoldo, which he picked up at G. Bentinck's sale for £12 10s. Another real *trouville* was the Jan Steen in monochrome, which he bought for two guineas, and for which the next day he refused a dealer's offer of £250, presenting it also to the nation. These facts and figures tell their own story—the story of the superiority of the private collector of taste over the official collector. The Ionides collection, containing treasures which the Chantrey Fund



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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 29, 1902), with a codicil (of July 18, 1904), of MR. WILSON BARRETT, the actor, of Cheddington Rectory, Bucks, who died on July 22, was proved on Aug. 24 by the Rev. Frank Heath, the brother-in-law, the value of the estate being £30,862. The testator gives £1000 each to the Actors' Benevolent Fund and the Actors' Orphan Fund; £10,000, in trust, for his daughter Florence Ellen; £5000, in trust, for his daughter Edith Dorothea; £1000 each to his sons Frank and Alfred; £2000 to his sister Mary Heath; £500 to his sister Emily Fentzloff; £500 and his manuscripts and books to the Rev. Frank Heath; £500 to his nephew Charles Barrett; £300 each to his nieces Caroline, Kathleen, and Monica; £500 to his father, George Barrett; £100 to his nephew Leo Barrett; £200 to Miss D. Bernstein; £200 to his valet, Walter Mitchell; £100 to Alfred Stevens; and £100 for distribution among persons who have served him. The residue of his property he leaves to his daughter and to his sister Mrs. Heath.

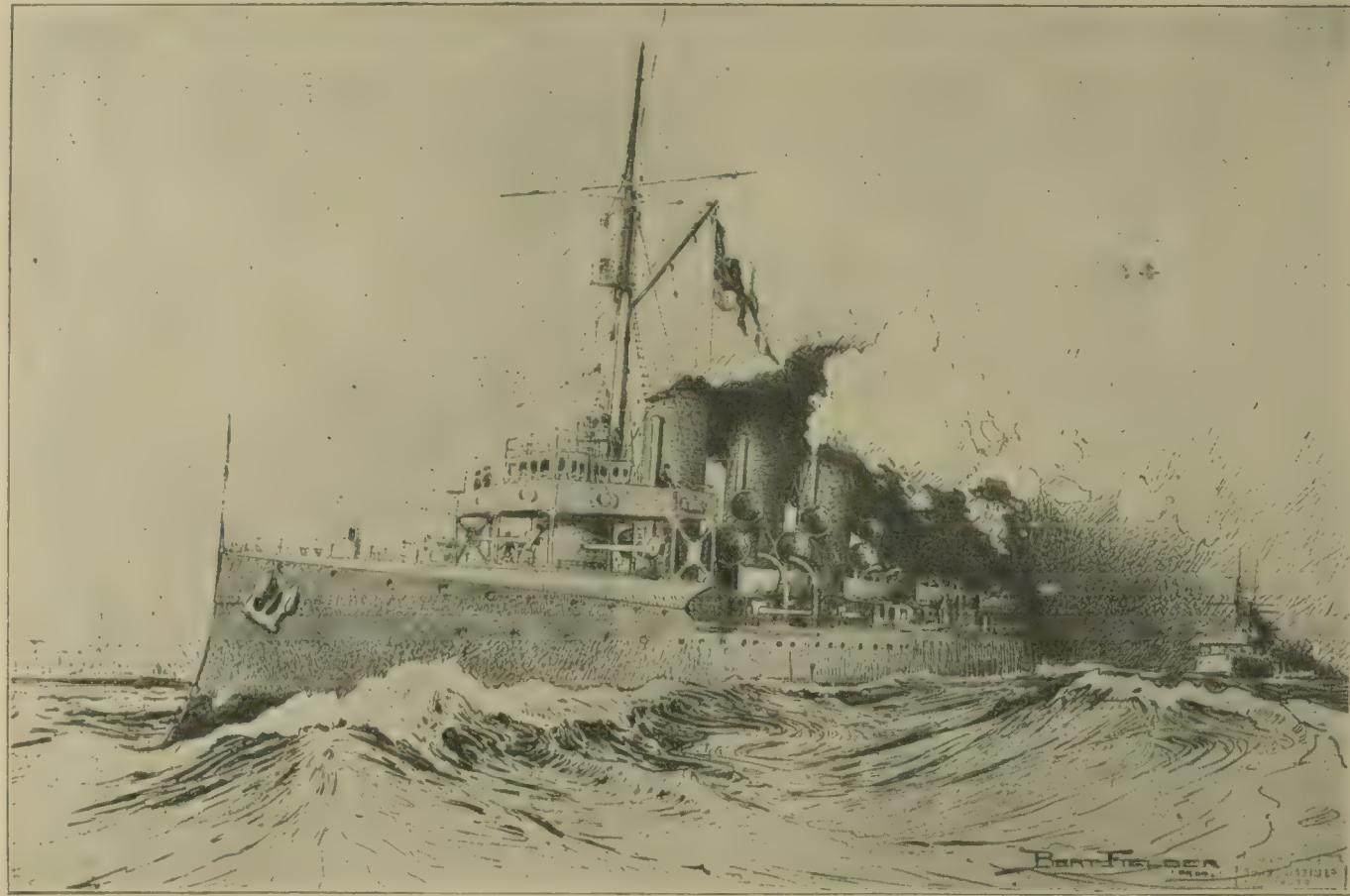
The will (dated July 11, 1904) of MR. HENRY HANSARD, of Millfield, Great Bookham, Surrey, who died on Aug. 1, was proved on Aug. 18 by Henry Luke Tite Hansard, the son, Thomas Coke Burnell, and Charles Robert Rivington, the value of the estate being £166,038. The testator gives

£2000, his English Stock of the Stationers' Company, an annuity of £500, and during widowhood the use of Millfield, or £200 per annum should she cease to reside there, to his wife; £20,000, in trust, for his daughter Florence Ellen; £5000, in trust, for

The will (dated Aug. 7, 1897), with a codicil (of Dec. 2, 1902), of MR. AUGUSTUS FREDERICK COE, of 14, Hart Street, Bloomsbury, and Sunnycote, Rosslyn Hill, Hampstead, who died on July 29, was proved on Aug. 19 by Mrs. Eliza Coe, the widow, and Charles Graham Coe and Frederick Augustus Coe, the sons, the value of the estate being £78,532. The testator gives £100 per annum each to his daughters Ethel and Hilda during the life of their mother; £1000 and the lease of 14, Hart Street to his son Charles Graham; £2000 to his son Frederick Augustus; and £100 to Joseph Percival Tatham. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife.

The will (dated April 10, 1902), with two codicils (of April 14, 1902, and March 4, 1903), of the REV. THOMAS HENRY FREER, M.A., of Sudbury, Derby, who died on June 26, was proved on Aug. 20 by Mrs. Harriet Eleanor Freer, the sister-in-law, the Rev. Charles James Hamilton, and the Rev. Frederick William Haden, the value of the estate amounting to £75,525. The testator gives £500 each to the

Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the Society for Educating the Poor in the Principles of the Established Church, the Church Extension Society for the Archdeaconry of Birmingham, the Queen Victoria



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his granddaughter Ellen Mary Coke Burnell; £1000 to Thomas Coke Burnell; £500 to Charles Robert Rivington; £200 and an annuity of £100 to Marie Henriette Darsonville; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his son.

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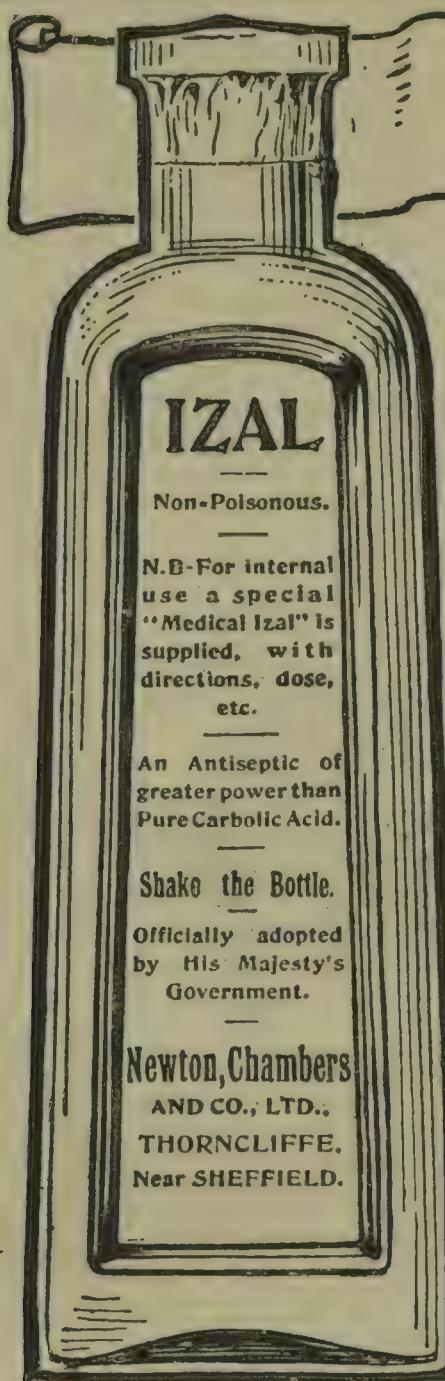
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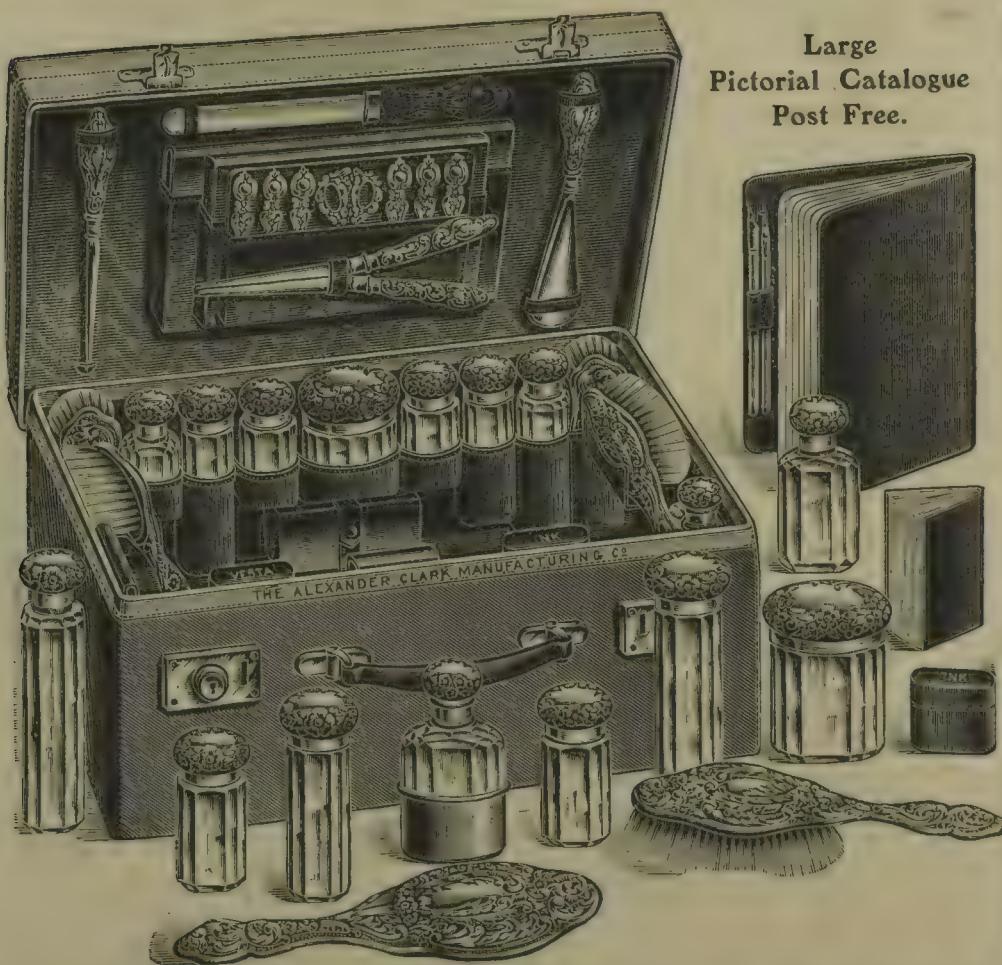


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Clergy Sustentation Fund, and the Society for the Employment of Additional Curates; £10,000 to the new Bishopric of Birmingham, should the necessary fund for the endowment thereof be raised before April 13, 1906; £250 to the Birmingham General Hospital; £200 each to the Poor Benefic Fund for the Archdeaconry of Derby and St. John's Foundation School for Sons of the Clergy; £100 to Wellington College for a prize in history, geography, classics, or divinity; £100 for the relief of widows and orphans of the clergy both in the Northern and Southern Divisions of the Archdeaconry of Derby; and legacies to relatives and friends. The residue of his property is to accumulate until five years after the decease of Mrs. Harriet Eleanor Freer, when it is to go to the fund for the new Bishopric of Birmingham.

The will (dated June 26, 1894), with three codicils, of Mr. LOFTUS ADAM FITZWYGRAM, of 77, Eaton Place, S.W., who died on July 3, was proved on Aug. 22 by Arthur George Guillemand and George Loddiges, the value of the estate being £74,759. The testator gives £10,000 and the household and domestic effects to his wife, Lady Fanny Georgiana Danvers FitzWigram, and he charges certain settled property with the payment of £1000 per annum to her; £300

to the Rev. Joseph Wallace for such charitable purposes as he may select; £100 to the London and South-Western Railway Company's Orphanage; £25 each to the London Fever Hospital and the Cabdrivers' Benevolent Society; £250 to Canon Allen Edwards; and legacies to friends and servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife for life, and then as to £4500 for the children of his daughter, and the ultimate residue to his daughter, Mrs. Selena Violet Fane.

The will (dated Jan. 31, 1898) of MRS. EMILY YOUNGE, of Tor Crest, Torquay, who died on June 5, has been proved by Miss Edith Mary Younge, the daughter, Samuel Roberts, M.P., and Thomas Walter Hall, the value of the estate amounting to £74,681. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 each to her brothers, William England Barker, Henry Barker, and Reginald H. Barker; £100 to Samuel Roberts and Thomas Walter Hall; £100 to the Rev. Henry Arden Talbot Greaves and his wife, Mrs. Louise Talbot Greaves; and legacies to servants. The residue of her property she leaves to her daughter.

The will (dated Aug. 13, 1895), with a codicil (dated Nov. 9, 1901), of MR. ROBERT GOULDING LEDGER, of 12, Vanbrugh Park Road, Blackheath, who died on

July 9, was proved on Aug. 23 by Robert Wade Ledger, the son, and Percival Ledger Hall, the nephew, the value of the estate being £62,761. The testator gives £100 each to the Miller Hospital (Greenwich), the Seamen's Hospital, and the Blackheath and Charlton Cottage Hospital; £500 and the income from £20,000 to his wife; £500 each to his executors; his property at Bow and his freehold land and premises at Horselydown to his son, but charged with the payment of £5000—£1000 to his sister-in-law Ellen Charlotte Ledger, and £2000 each to his daughters Elizabeth Josselyn and Frances Alberta; and a few small legacies. On the decease of Mrs. Ledger he gives £20,000 between his two daughters. The residue of his property he leaves to his children.

The will (dated Sept. 9, 1891) of MRS. ISABELLA CATHERINE EYRE, of Hall Dene, Merrow, Surrey, and formerly of 55, Warwick Square, who died on May 27, was proved on Aug. 18 by Henry John Anderson Eyre and Douglas Eyre, the sons, the value of the estate being £46,068. The testatrix gives £100 to her son Douglas; her jewels, furs, and lace to her daughters Isabella Frances and Mabel; and £100 to the Hon. and Rev. John Horatio Nelson. The residue of her property she leaves to her son Henry.

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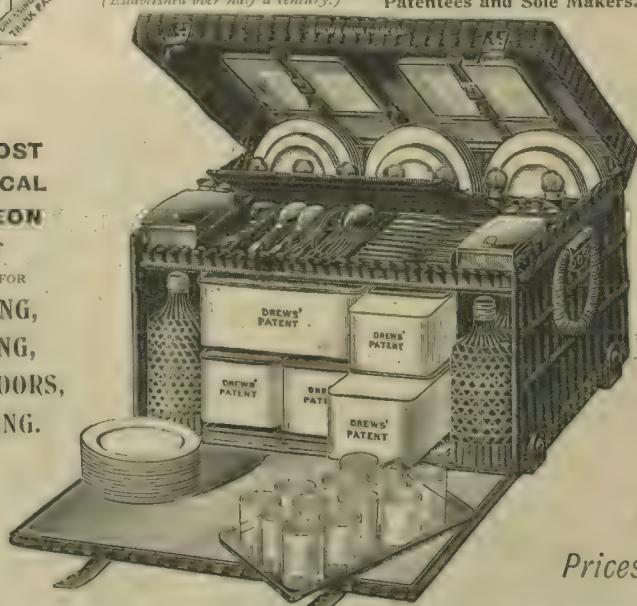
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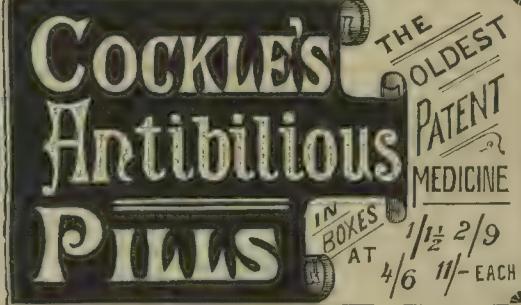
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## MISCELLANEOUS.

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In order to cope with the increasing popularity of the Doncaster Races, which commence on Sept. 6, the Great Northern Railway Company announce an excellent special service to that place. The route is by far the best and the shortest, passengers being able to reach Doncaster from King's Cross in the course of two hours and fifty-five minutes. Full particulars will be afforded to intending passengers calling at or writing to any of the company's stations, town offices, and agencies.

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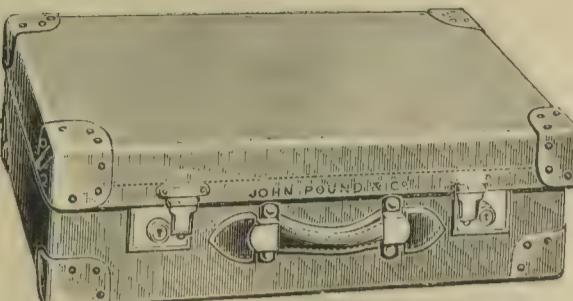
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THE HOPE OF MOSCOVY: THE CHRISTENING OF THE INFANT TSAREVITCH.—FATHER AND GRANDMOTHER: THE ENTRANCE OF THE TSAR AND THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF RUSSIA FOR THE CHRISTENING CEREMONY AT PETERHOF, AUGUST 24.

DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE FROM A SKETCH BY JULIUS M. PRICE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT PETERHOF.

The Tsar wore a light-blue uniform; the Dowager-Empress light-coloured heavy brocade. His Imperial Majesty, who seemed in excellent spirits, moved about among his guests during the reception held after the baptismal service.



THE BAPTISM OF THE TSAREVITCH: THE INFANT HEIR OF ALL THE RUSSIANS CARRIED THROUGH THE PORTRAIT HALL OF PETERHOF ON HIS WAY TO THE CHAPEL, AUGUST 24.

FROM A SKETCH BY JULIUS M. PRICE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT PETERHOF.

The “Highborn Heir Apparent, Tsarevitch, and Grand Duke Alexis Nikolaievich” was borne to his christening in the arms of the Empress’s Lady-in-Waiting, Princess Galitzin. The Princess was supported by Generals Richter and Vorontsov-Dashkov, who sustained the baby’s pillow and veil. The infant was preceded by the Queen of the Hellenes, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Prince Henry of Prussia (the Kaiser’s representative), the Heir Apparent of Greece, and sixteen Grand Dukes.

THE CHRISTENING OF THE TSAREVITCH: RUSSIAN NATIONAL COURT COSTUME AT PETERHOF AFTER THE CEREMONY.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM A SKETCH BY JULIUS M. PRICE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT PETERHOF.



THE TSAR'S GUESTS: THE RECEPTION AFTER THE CHRISTENING.

*The picturesqueness of the magnificent ceremony of christening the Tsarevitch was greatly heightened by the Tsar's order to the ladies attending the ceremony to wear the ancient Muscovite national Court dress.*